FRIGHT NIGHT

by

TOM HOLLAND

FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT (AND CREDITS ROLL)

Clouds obscure the starless heavens for a moment, heavy and ominous in the black firmament. Then suddenly they clear, exposing a full moon streaked with red like a killer's face, a stalking moon staring down at man's evil on the earth below.

A HOWL breaks the night, a wolf pursuing its prey perhaps, or perhaps something much, much worse. VOICES break the perfect stillness.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
What was that?

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Just a child of night, Jonathan. Come, sit here beside me on the veranda.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
It's chilly out here.

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Oh, no, it isn't. It's beautiful. I love the night so.

2 EXT. RANCHO CORVALLIS - NIGHT

A middling size town lost somewhere in the Southwest, the lights of its sixty some thousand residents twinkling like so many Christmas lights in the night.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
I've never seen you so beautiful before, Nina. So pale, so luminescent, so --

He suddenly stops. There is a moment. Then:

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Yes?

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Your lips are so red.

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Are they? Would you like to kiss them?

The CAMERA STARTS TO PUSH IN CLOSER AND CLOSER on the town as though searching for the source of the voices.

3 EXT. CHARLEY'S STREET - NIGHT

It's a typical middle class suburban street, full of pre-World War II houses, the substantial places they built then, two and three story homes with attics and basements, porches and detached garages.

There is the SOUND OF A LONG DRAWN OUT KISS as Jonathan and Miss Nina's lips meet. The CAMERA MOVES DOWN the street, still looking for the voices.

4 EXT. DANDRIGE AND BREWSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

The CAMERA PAUSES TO STARE AT the Dandrige house, so different in look and feel from all the other houses on the street. It's huge, almost forboding, its windows dark and vacant, its lawn overgrown and weed-infested, a home that has obviously been untended for a long time, unlived in and uncared for. However the "For Sale" on the lawn has a "Sold" sign just beneath it.

The CAMERA PANS to the Brewster house next door, still SEARCHING for those voices. It's in sharp contrast to the Dandrige house, newly painted, its lawn neatly shorn, a house almost dwarfed in comparison to the Dandrige house, but a happy home, its windows lit and smiling out warmly at the night.

The voices seem to be coming from the Brewster house, specifically from a dark second-story window that is open to the night breeze.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Why are you looking at me so strangely, Nina?

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Not you, Jonathan. Your neck. Has anyone ever told you it was beautiful?

JONATHAN (V.O.)
(uncertainly)
No.

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Come, lay your head on my breast.

The CAMERA SLOWLY STARTS TO PUSH IN on the second-story window.

5 OMITTED

6 INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the window, past the billowing drapes to find itself staring at a TV, the flickering screen the only light in the room.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

One of those terrible AIP/Hammer horror films is on the tube, a woman, obviously a vampire, talking to one of those vapid juveniles used so much in these types of films, the two of them standing on a veranda to some huge, old house.

The young man rests his head against her breast, incredibly enough, unaware that she is bending toward his neck with these huge fangs.

Just as she is about to sink them into his jugular, a tall, saturnine man steps out of the darkness, wearing a rather daffy Victorian suit and carrying a stake and mallet in his hand. His name is PETER VINCENT.

PETER (V.O.)
Stop, you creature of the Night!

The vampiress leaps to her feet, her hapless, intended victim forgotten. She faces Peter with a hiss, her fangs sparkling in the moonlight.

MISS NINA (V.O.)
Who are you who interrupts my nightly feeding?

PETER (V.O.)
(drawing himself up to his full height)
Peter Vincent, vampire killer!

He rushes her, the stake held high to plunge into her breast and the CAMERA TURNS AWAY from the TV as the sounds of the movie CROSS FADE with the SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING, LIPS MEETING, TONGUES INTERTWINING in the room itself. Only the room, a typical teenager's lair, seems devoid of life, the bed empty, schoolbooks untouched sitting on the desk. The CAMERA BEGINS TO SEARCH the room, looking for the source of this new sound, much more interesting than the old flick on the tube.

And then it finds them, CHARLEY BREWSTER and AMY PETERSEN, two sixteen-year olds, on the floor to the far side of the bed, wedged between the bed and the window. They are both as American as their jeans and making out like crazy. They twist and turn on the floor, Amy alternating between enjoying it and fighting Charley off, both of them white hot with their mutual need. As he tries to slip his hand under her blouse, she catches a glimpse of the TV.

The horror movie has faded out to be replaced by the interior of a local TV studio, a tacky graveyard set the centerpiece, the visage of Peter Vincent, much older now, rising out of a papier mache coffin and filling the screen as CREDITS END.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

PETER (V.O.)
This is Peter Vincent, bringing you Fright Night Theatre. Tonight's journey into horror is "Blood Castle," one of my favorites. And for a very good reason. I star in it. *

He does this booming laugh that goes through about ten echo chambers as Charley, totally oblivious to the TV, works on Amy's bra, trying to get it undone, obviously something she doesn't want. She tries to distract him.

AMY
Charley, Peter Vincent's on.

CHARLEY
(fumbling with the bra)
Forget Peter Vincent.

AMY
But you love him.

CHARLEY
I love you more --

Behind them, the station break segues into a commercial, a bunch of kids singing and dancing joyfully to a Coca-Cola commercial. On the floor, Charley finally gets Amy's bra undone. That's it for her; she twists away.

AMY
Charley, stop it.

He doesn't listen, going for her again, their finger fighting behind her back, hers trying to get the bra resnapped, his trying to keep it undone and get her blouse off at the same time. She suddenly pushes him away, really hard this time.

AMY
Charley, I said stop it.

Charley rolls over, leaping to his feet, frustrated as hell.

CHARLEY
Jesus, give me a break, Amy. We've been going together almost a year and all I hear is "Charley, stop it!"

They stare at each other angrily, both of them breathing hard, their young hormones roiling inside them. Then they look away, not wanting to see the other's anger, staring at the TV for lack of any better place to look.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

The horror movie is on again, Peter Vincent and Jonathan now carrying a coffin across a fog swept cemetery.

Charley looks back at Amy, his features softening.

CHARLEY
I'm sorry, Amy.

She rises, both of them standing by the open window, staring at each other.

AMY
Me, too.
(she puts a hand out, touching his arm)
I'm just scared, that's all.

He nods understandingly, touched by her honesty and innocence, his basic decency winning out over his lust. Suddenly she steps into his arms, kissing him as she never has before. She breaks, staring up into his face nervously.

AMY
(softly)
Let's get into bed.

CHARLEY
(staring at her, stunned)
You mean it?

She nods, stepping into his arms again, kissing him like he's never been kissed before, the two of them slowly turning, Charley seeing the TV first with its grave digger scene, then the wall, and finally out the window over Amy's shoulder.

And he freezes. There, below in the side yard, he sees two shadowy figures carrying what looks very much like a coffin toward the storm doors to the Dandrige house next door. His mouth drops open as Amy slips out of his arms and onto the bed, completely unaware of what he's seeing. She starts to take off her blouse, Charley no longer looking at her, his gaze glued to the weird scene he's seeing out his window.

As her blouse comes off, she lays back in the bed, looking up at him, waiting for him to join her.

AMY
Charley, I'm ready.

He ignores her, grabbing his binoculars from his desk, whipping them to his eyes and focusing in on the figures below.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

They're too dark to make out clearly, but they are JERRY DANDRIGE and BILLY COLE. An errant beam of moonlight hits the large, oblong box, and Charley gasps. It's a beautiful piece of work, huge, ornate, obviously incredibly old, and bound in brass.

Amy stares at Charley with rising confusion and irritation.

AMY
Charley, I said I'm ready.

CHARLEY
(still glued to his binoculars)
Amy, you're not going to believe this, but there are two guys in the yard below. And I think they're carrying a coffin.

AMY
(glancing at the TV and seeing the very same scene)
Sure, and they're on the moors, right.

CHARLEY
Amy, I'm serious.

AMY
So am I. Do you want to make love or not?

Charley is still peering through the binoculars, the two figures below having gotten the storm doors open and now carrying the coffin into the basement of the house next door.

CHARLEY
Amy, quick, come here, you've got to see this.

All he hears is his bedroom door slamming shut. He whirls to find Amy gone. Tossing the binoculars on the bed, he dives after her.

CHARLEY
Amy --

7 INT. PORTICO - STAIRWAY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charley hurries down the stairs after her.

CHARLEY
Okay, maybe it wasn't a coffin, but I did see two guys carrying <u>something</u> into that house --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

AMY
(hardly listening)
I don't understand you. First you want to make love, then you don't --

They reach the bottom of the stairs only to have a voice from the living room stop them.

JUDY (O.S.)
Amy, Charley, what's wrong?

They stop, turning to stare through the doorway at Charley's mom, JUDY BREWSTER, sitting in the living room, watching the ten o'clock news on the downstairs TV. She's a young forty, pleasant looking and warm.

Amy steps into the living room, Charley following, the two of them trying to pull themselves together so Charley's mother won't notice what they've been doing upstairs.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JUDY
Have you two been having a lovers' spat?

CHARLEY
(embarrassed as hell)
No, Mom, nothing like that.

JUDY
Well, there's nothing wrong with that.
(pointing at the magazine in her lap)
Right here it says the divorce rate is 76% higher among couples who don't argue before marriage.

CHARLEY
Mom, we're in high school.

JUDY
Oh, yes, that's right. Well it never hurts to plan ahead.
(to Amy)
Tell your mother I said hello, will you, Amy. And remind her we're playing bridge at her house this week. I'm bringing the cheesepuffs, she's making the dessert.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

AMY
Yes, Mrs. Brewster.
(to Charley)
Good night, Charley.

CHARLEY
(absently)
Yeah, good night.

But he's no longer listening; he's moving toward the window that stares out at the house next door. There are lights on in the first floor now. Behind him Amy turns back to his mother.

AMY
Well, good night, Mrs. Brewster.

JUDY
Good night, Amy. And thanks for helping Charley.

AMY
Anytime. See you tomorrow, Charley.

He hardly hears her, staring out the window. Miffed again, Amy turns and stomps out of the room, the front DOOR heard SLAMMING behind her a moment later.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

Judy turns to her son to see what's wrong with him. He's glued to the window, staring at the house next door.

JUDY
Charley, that wasn't very nice, not walking Amy to the front door.

CHARLEY
(hardly hearing her)
Mom, there are people next door.

JUDY
Oh, the new owner must be moving in.

CHARLEY
What new owner?

JUDY
Didn't I tell you? Bob Hopkins told me he finally sold the place.

CHARLEY
To who?

JUDY
I don't know. Some fellow who fixes up houses, he said. Supposed to be attractive, too. Anyway I just hope whoever he is, he knows what he's getting into with that house. It's going to take a lot of work just to make it liveable --

And the CAMERA leaves them behind, SLOWLY PUSHING IN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER on the TV Judy was watching, their VOICES FADING out to be taken over by the newscaster droning away on the screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
And now for the local news. A man was found murdered tonight behind the railroad yards. Details are pending waiting notification of next of kin --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Kids are flooding out of the classrooms, the BELL having just RUNG. Charley comes out of one of them, holding a test paper and looking none too happy about it.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
The bastard. Why didn't he tell us he was going to spring a pop quiz?

Another kid comes out right behind him, holding a test paper with a big A+ on it. His name is EVIL ED THOMPSON and he's tall and thin with a terrible complexion and a personality to match.

EVIL ED
That's the point to a pop quiz, Brewster. To surprise you.

Charley glances up at that moment to see Amy walking by, her head held high, and looking in every direction but his.

CHARLEY
Hey, Amy --

She keeps right on going, disappearing into the crowd. Evil Ed throws a look at Charley and cackles.

EVIL ED
What's wrong? She finally found out what you're really like?

CHARLEY
Buzz off, Evil.

EVIL ED
Call me anything you want. Only you're the one failing Algebra, not me.

With another high pitched laugh, he walks off, leaving Charley staring after Amy miserably.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. BREWSTER AND DANDRIGE HOUSE - DAY

Charley pulls his red beater '68 Mustang into the driveway. He gets out carrying his schoolbooks and heads for the front door. Just as he bends down to pick up the evening paper on the walk, a cab pulls up and a YOUNG WOMAN gets out.

Charley stops cold; she is definitely one of the most spectacular girls he's ever seen, obviously sexy, cheap around the edges, but no less spectacular for it. She looks at him like a little girl lost.

GIRL
Is this ninety-nine Oak?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(pointing to the Dandrige house)
No, next door.

She nods her head in thanks and walks toward the next door house, the one where he saw the two men carrying what looked to be a coffin into the basement. It's a three story house like Charley's but there any similarity ends.

The Brewster house is newly painted and well lived in; the Dandrige house has long been abandoned, the lawn overgrown, paint flecking from its side, the entire place rundown and forlorn.

Charley watches the girl disappear into the Dandrige house, whistling appreciatively under his breath. He turns for his own front door.

11 INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Charley enters the kitchen to find his mother preparing dinner. He hands her the evening paper.

JUDY
Thanks.

Charley stops by the kitchen sink, staring out at the Dandrige house as his mother goes back to fixing dinner.

CHARLEY
Mom, you seen the new guy next door yet?

JUDY
No, but I did hear he's got a live-in carpenter. With my luck, he's probably gay.

CHARLEY
(smiling secretly)
No, I don't think so.

JUDY
Why, what do you know that I don't?

CHARLEY
Ah, nothing. Got to study. See you later.

He cuts a beeline for the door, his mother staring after him disbelievingly as he disappears out the door.

JUDY
Study? You?

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's hard at work at his desk, really into his Algebra, when over his shoulder a light comes on behind the drawn shade of the bedroom window of the house next door. It is directly on a sightline with his own room, but he doesn't see it, staring intently at his books.

Suddenly a WOMAN'S SCREAM, high-pitched and terrified, shatters the night. Charley whirls, sending his books crashing to the floor, staring out his window at the lit window in the house next door. The light snaps out, darkness blanking the entire wall of the Dandrige house. Charley just stares at it, trying to repress a shiver, all thoughts of studying Algebra suddenly gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. MALL - FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

It's the after school hangout, a bunch of tables before a fast food joint on the fourth floor of a shopping mall. Kids mill about, nearby video game machines going full blast, a TV playing the "Young and the Restless" on the counter.

Charley sits at one of the tables, almost falling asleep face down in his cheeseburger and fries as he tries to study. Suddenly Amy slips in beside him.

AMY
Hi.

CHARLEY
(looking up at her, startled)
Hi.
(recovering)
Look, I'm really sorry about the other night --

AMY
It was my fault, not yours.

CHARLEY
(really startled)
It was?
(she nods; he recovers, taking her hand)
Look, Amy, I love you. I never want to fight with you again, okay?

AMY
(breaking into a big smile)
God, I'm so glad we're getting this straightened out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)
I've been miserable the last two days. You don't know what it's been like --

Over her shoulder he suddenly sees that the TV has gone to the local news, a picture of a girl who looks very much like the one he saw going into the Dandrige house the afternoon before on the screen. He is suddenly no longer listening or looking at Amy, his complete attention on the TV. She trails off as she realizes she's lost his attention, staring at him.

AMY
Charley, are you listening to me?

He gets up abruptly and walks away, leaving her sitting there staring after him. He stops below the TV, staring up at it as the newscaster's voice runs over the picture of the girl.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
(caught mid-sentence)
Cheryl Lane, a known prostitute, was found murdered this morning --

Evil Ed steps up beside him, staring up at the screen along with him.

EVIL ED
Know what I heard on the police band last night?

CHARLEY
What?

EVIL ED
(nodding at the TV)
That wasn't the only murder. It's the second in two days.
(gleefully)
And get this. Both of 'em had their heads cut off. Can you believe it?

CHARLEY
(staring at him)
You're sick.

A voice suddenly comes from behind him.

AMY (O.S.)
Charley.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns and she mashes his cheeseburger into his face, whirling on her heel and stomping off, leaving him standing there dripping onion rings, mashed bun and partially eaten ground round, mustard and catsup, all of the kids looking at him and laughing.

Evil Ed steps up to him, cackling in his ear.

EVIL ED
You're so cool, Brewster, I can't stand it.

Charley ignores him, staring after Amy as she disappears into the elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE - DAY

The Mustang pulls into the drive and disappears into the garage. A moment later Charley appears, walking toward the back door, the Dandrige house next door looming over him. He slowly stops, studying it, his mind going back to the night he saw the long, oblong box being carried into the basement. He suddenly sets his books down and heads for the side yard between the two houses.

15 EXT. SIDE YARD - DAY

He walks the distance to the storm doors, stopping above them, staring down at the handles. One quick glance around tells him the coast is clear, the Dandrige house seemingly deserted. He bends down to grab the handles.

Suddenly a voice stops him.

BILLY (O.S.)
Hey, kid, what're you doing?

Charley jerks erect, staring at the back corner of the Dandrige house. There stands BILLY COLE, mid-thirties, huge, with a face that looks like it's never smiled.

Charley backs away from the storm doors.

CHARLEY
Ah, nothing.

BILLY
(his voice dripping menace)
See that it stays that way, kid.

Billy disappears around the side of his own house, leaving Charley staring after him, suddenly covered in a cold sweat.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. BREWSTER AND DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

The two houses sit there side by side, only the Dandrige house has changed although it's hard to say exactly how. It just seems worse than before, more abandoned, more hulking, more... dead.

17 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley has the house next door staked out. He sits in a chair before his window, all the lights off in his room, only the flickering TV to keep him company. It's Peter Vincent on Fright Night, another one of his films on, this time the volume turned off. Charley holds his binoculars in his hand, staring at the dark window of the house next door, waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT

The TV is just flickering snow now, the channel having signed off hours before. Charley still sits in front of his window, but he's sound asleep, breathing deeply, lost in his dreams. Soft, sensual MUSIC snakes through his open window, enveloping him slowly and dragging him awake. Groggily he opens his eyes to find himself staring into the lit window of the bedroom next door. He sits up with a start.

There is no drawn shade now. He can see clearly into the room and a beautiful teenage girl with long blonde hair stands there, framed in the window, slowly taking her blouse off. Charley rubs his eyes, hardly able to believe what he's seeing. As he watches she drops the blouse to the floor and stands there, bare breasted. Charley gulps, fumbling for his binoculars.

He gets them to his eyes just as Jerry Dandrige steps out of the shadows behind the girl, gliding across the room toward her with incredible grace. To Charley the whole thing has a dreamlike quality, Jerry more an impression than a reality. He's thirty maybe, almost beautiful with alabaster skin and chestnut hair. He stops behind the girl, sweeping her hair back, exposing her tender, young neck. He slowly leans down as though to kiss her.

As Charley watches through his binoculars, unable to tear his eyes away, Jerry Dandrige's upper lip slowly begins to pull back, revealing just the hint of <u>fangs</u>, long, razor sharp, and sparkling pearly white in the moonlight.

Suddenly, Jerry Dandrige stops, the fangs poised an inch above the girl's throat. He slowly raises his head, staring out the window across the side yard and into Charley's bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

It's almost as though he can see the boy watching him. With an involuntary gasp of terror, Charley steps back into the deeper darkness of his room, his hand instinctively reaching up to protect his own throat.

Jerry Dandrige slowly reaches up and pulls down the shade, cutting off all view into the room.

Charley stands there for a moment, unable to believe what he just saw. The binoculars slip from his hand, crashing to the floor, and he whirls, racing out of the room.

19 INT. HIS MOTHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

He bursts through the door to find his mother sound asleep in bed. He grabs her, shaking her awake.

CHARLEY
Mom, you've got to get up. I can't believe what's happening next door.

JUDY
(staring up as her son sleepily)
What, what are you talking about?

CHARLEY
He has fangs. The man who bought the house has fangs!

JUDY
Oh, Charley, I have to be at work at seven tomorrow --

He hears a CAR DOOR SLAM in the yard next door. He jumps to the window, peering out into the back of the Dandrige house just in time to see Billy Cole walking away from a shiny new black Cherokee Jeep, its back door left open. Charley whirls and dashes out of the room, leaving his mother staring after him.

JUDY *
Charley -- *

20 EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

He races down the corridor for the stairway landing.

21 INT. STAIRWAY - PORTICO - NIGHT

He pounds down the stairs, taking them two at a time, whips around the newel post and flies down the hall toward the kitchen.

22 EXT. BACK YARD - DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Charley slips out his back door and through the darkness into the adjoining yard.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

There, among a clump of bushes, he crouches down, watching the black Jeep. The rear door is open as though to receive some burden, the yard empty, Billy Cole no longer there. Suddenly the back door to the Dandrige house opens again and Billy comes out carrying a large bundle in a plastic trash bag over his shoulder. Charley's mouth falls open as he realizes the bundle could easily be a woman's dead body.

Billy dumps it in the back of the Jeep and slams the door, crossing in front of the vehicle for the driver's door.

Suddenly there is a terrific WHOOSH through the air over Charley's head, the moonlight momentarily blotted out, the BEATING OF LARGE WINGS above causing the bushes around him to bend and sway. It's almost as though a huge bird, a bat perhaps, just swooped over his head from the top floor of the Dandrige house. And then silence returns.

Charley lifts his head, peering about in the darkness just in time to see a shape, more a shadow than a man, step out of the darkness no more than ten feet away. It's Jerry Dandrige.

He glides toward the Jeep, tossing Billy a woman's purse.

JERRY
Here, you forgot this.

Billy one-hands it out of the air, turning back for the Jeep. Just then the back door to Charley's house bangs open, sending a shaft of light into the darkness. Judy Brewster stands there in the doorway, calling to her son.

JUDY
Charley!

Dandrige and Billy Cole freeze, both of them turning to look at the back door to the Brewster house, inadvertently staring right at the clump of bushes where Charley is hiding.

Dandrige takes a step forward, his eyes probing the darkness as though he can actually see through the murky blackness right to where Charley hides.

Terrified, Charley suddenly leaps to his feet and races back into his own yard, disappearing through the back door with his mother. Billy steps forward as though to follow the boy. Jerry puts out a restraining hand, stopping him.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. CHARLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charley sits at the kitchen table, his mother putting a cup of hot cocoa into his hand.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

JUDY
Here, drink this.

CHARLEY
(already frustrated as hell)
Mom, I don't need hot cocoa. I didn't have a nightmare. They did kill a girl over there.

JUDY
(feeling his forehead for a fever)
Charley, how late did you stay up studying?

CHARLEY
(shoving her hand away)
Mom, I'm not sick. The guy did have fangs and a bat did fly over my head and then Jerry Dandrige stepped out of the shadows. You know what that means, don't you? * *

JUDY
(staring at him worriedly)
What?

CHARLEY
He's a vampire!

JUDY
(staring at him incredulously)
A what?

MATCH CUT TO:

24 INT. AMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amy's staring at him much as his mother did, with a look of shock and total disbelief on her face.

AMY
A what?

CHARLEY
(frustrated as hell again)
A vampire, damnit! Haven't you listened to anything I've said?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

AMY
Charley, is this some kind of trick to get me back?

CHARLEY
(turning toward the door in disgust)
Forget it, I'm going to the police.

AMY
(blocking his path)
Charley, you can't go to the police with a story like that. They'll lock you up.

CHARLEY
All right, then I won't tell them it's a vampire. But I sure as hell am going to tell them about the two women --

AMY
Charley --

He slams out the back door, leaving her staring after him, worried sick.

DISSOLVE TO:

24A EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DAY

A police car pulls up, Charley in a red Mustang behind him. * He gets out, walking to meet LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE LENNOX, * a tall man in his early forties. He hitches his pants, staring at the teenager hard.

LENNOX
You sure about this now?

Charley nods emphatically and the cop turns toward the house, Charley following.

25 OMITTED
&
26

27 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - DAY

The KNOCK reverberates through the silent house. Nothing for several seconds; then the sound of someone walking down the hall from the kitchen. Billy Cole appears, stopping before the door, staring through the curtain at the dim outline of Charley and the Detective standing on the porch.

He opens the door, staring at the boy and the cop.

BILLY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

LT. LENNOX
Mr. Dandrige?

BILLY
No, I'm his roommate, Billy Cole.

LT. LENNOX
(flashing his badge)
Lieutenant Lennox, homicide. Mind if we come in?

BILLY
No, not at all.

He steps back from the door, allowing them to enter. The house is a mess of cardboard moving boxes and heavy Victorian furniture scattered everywhere, a number of the pieces still under white dust covers. Clocks line one wall, none of them working, all set at 6 p.m. *

BILLY
Is there anything I can help you with?

LIEUT. LENNOX
There was a murder last night. Charley lives next door and thinks he saw the victim in this house.

BILLY
(seemingly shocked)
That's impossible. I was here with Jerry all last night. There was nobody else in the house.

CHARLEY
That's a lie.
(nodding at Billy)
I saw him carry her body out in a plastic bag.

LIEUT. LENNOX
What do you say to that, Mr. Cole?

BILLY
(relieved)
The kid's crazy, officer. I did take some bags out last night, but they were full of trash. Here, let me show you --

28 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He leads them into the living room which is a mess of packing crates, boxes, and furniture. He holds up a plastic trash bag stuffed with wrapping paper and cardboard boxes.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

BILLY
See. We're just in the process of moving in --

CHARLEY
The bag I saw had a body in it, not trash.

BILLY
Did you actually see the body, Charley?

CHARLEY
No, but --

BILLY
(to Lennox)
Look, let me take you out back. I'll show you the bags I put in the garbage.

LT. LENNOX
Okay, let's see 'em --

He takes a step to follow Billy out of the room when Charley, increasingly desperate, stops him.

CHARLEY
Look, I can prove he's lying. Let's look in the basement instead.

LT. LENNOX
What's down there?

BILLY
(turning and staring at Charley)
Yes, Charley, what's down there?

Charley meets the big man's gaze and finds his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. The seconds tick past. Still nothing from Charley. Billy turns to the Lieutenant with a smile.

BILLY
Obviously the boy's made a mistake, officer --

CHARLEY
(bursting out with it)
A coffin, that's what's down there, a coffin. I saw them carry it in!

LT. LENNOX
(taken aback)
What?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY
Yeah, and you'll find Jerry Dandrige in it, sleeping the sleep of the undead.

LT. LENNOX
(totally mystified)
What are you talking about?

CHARLEY
(bursting out with it)
He's a vampire. I saw him in that room last night. He had fangs and he bit her on the neck --

LT. LENNOX
(thoroughly disgusted)
Oh, for Christ sake.
(grabbing Charley and hustling him toward the front door)
C'mon --

CHARLEY
But --

LT. LENNOX
No buts --

29 INT. PORTICO - DAY

He opens the door and turns back to Billy, still holding Charley by the arm.

LT. LENNOX
Sorry about this, Mr. Cole.

BILLY
(with a big smile)
Anytime.

The cop hustles Charley out the door, Billy closing it behind them, watching with a smile as Lennox hustles Charley down the walk.

30 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DAY

Charley looks up as Lennox shoves him toward the car.

CHARLEY
But I tell you, Jerry Dandrige <u>is</u> a vampire.

LT. LENNOX
Sure and I'm Dirty Harry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

LT. LENNOX (CONT'D)
(almost slamming Charley up against the car)
Now you listen to me, kid. If I ever see your ass down at the station house again, I'm throwing it in jail. Forever!

He hops in his car, slamming the door behind him as Charley hovers by the window.

CHARLEY
Lieutenant Lennox, please, listen to me --

Lennox ignores him, ROARING away in a cloud of burning rubber. Charley stares after him, not knowing what to do now.

He hears the PORCH DOOR of the Dandrige house OPEN behind him and whirls to find himself staring at Billy Cole, standing on the porch looking back at him, a toothpick in his mouth. There's something very unpleasant in the big man's eyes: like murder.

Charley slowly backs away from him toward his car, Cole's eyes following him. Charley glances down at his wristwatch. It's four in the afternoon. He glances up at the sun overhead. It's beginning to sink, late afternoon and all that implies drawing nigh. He looks back at Billy Cole. The man is smiling at him now, reading his thoughts. Charley leaps into his car and takes off down the street.

CUT TO:

31 INT. EVIL ED'S HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - DAY

Charley bursts through the front door and pounds up the stairs, yelling as he comes.

CHARLEY
Evil!

32 INT. EVIL ED'S BEDROOM - DAY

Evil Ed sits at his desk, hand painting a monster model of a ghoul as Charley bursts through the door and skids to a halt before him, breathing hard. Evil's room is a veritable museum of horror, movie posters of Frankenstein and the Wolfman dotting the wall, the shelves full of monsters' models, the floor littered with horror comics.

Evil glances up at Charley, obviously not happy about being disturbed.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

EVIL ED
And to what do I owe this dubious pleasure?

CHARLEY
The vampire knows that I know about him. Or at least he will when he wakes up tonight.

EVIL ED
What are you talking about?

CHARLEY
I've got a vampire living next door and he's going to kill me if I don't protect myself.

EVIL ED
(looking at him like he's crazy)
What?

CHARLEY
Look, Evil, I haven't got time to explain. Just tell me what to do to protect myself.

EVIL ED
(going back to his painting)
Very funny, Brewster.

CHARLEY
I'm not kidding. Evil, please, just tell me what to do.

EVIL ED
Why should I help you? And don't call me that.

CHARLEY
(digging money out of his pocket)
Look, I've got eight bucks. Tell me what to do and it's yours.

Evil Ed stares at the money for a moment and then sweeps it into his pocket.

EVIL ED
Far be it from me to turn down a fool's money. Where and when do you expect this vampire to attack?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY
In my bedroom. Tonight.

Evil Ed puts down his brush and pulls a dime store cross from his desk. He hands it to Charley.

EVIL ED
Start with this. Of course, you have to have faith for it to work. Then get some wolfbane --

CHARLEY
What?

EVIL ED
Forget it. Get some garlic, links of the stuff you can wear around your neck and hang from your window. If he comes for you, that'll be the way. Then, of course, there's holy water. But you need a priest to say a blessing over it first.

He goes back to his painting. Charley stares at him.

CHARLEY
That's all?

EVIL ED
I'm afraid so. Of course, they can change into wolves and bats at will and I don't know what you do about that. But your best protection right now is that a vampire can't enter your house without being invited by the rightful owner first.

CHARLEY
You sure about that?

EVIL ED
Positive.

SMASH CUT TO:

33 OMITTED
thru
35

36 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley steps back to stare at his window, finished at last. He's done the best he can, nailing it shut, strewing it with garlic, his chest of drawers shoved in front of it, partially blocking it.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

The cross Evil Ed gave him sits on his desk. He tests the window. It's secure. His mother calls up to him from the portico below.

JUDY (O.S.)
Charley, come down here, please. There's someone I want you to meet.

He turns and walks out of the room, feeling better now.

37 INT. PORTICO - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

He bounces down the stairs and turns toward the door to the living room.

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He walks into the living room to find his mother standing there, a drink in her hand.

CHARLEY
Yeah, Mom --

JUDY
Charley, this is our next door neighbor, Jerry Dandrige.

Charley freezes. Jerry Dandrige sits in the best chair, a drink in his hand, smiling at Charley. He's even better looking close up, almost blindingly beautiful, too much so actually.

There's something disturbing about it, as though such good looks have to cover up an inner putrefaction, some sort of hidden, sweet, sickly rot just beneath the perfect pale skin.

He rises, the smile widening as he sees the terror in Charley's eyes. He holds his hand out as Judy watches her son for his reaction.

JERRY
Hello, Charley.

Charley just stares at him.

JUDY
Well, shake hands, Charley. There's no reason to be rude.

Charley slowly crosses to Jerry and takes his hand, shaking it as one would the hand of a recently disinterred corpse. Judy smiles, pleased with herself.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
What's he doing here?

JUDY
(rising and smiling at Jerry)
I invited him over for a drink.

CHARLEY
(stone cold horrified)
You what?

JUDY
(a bit taken aback by the intensity of her son's reaction)
Invited him over. Why?

Charley turns back to stare at Jerry. Jerry smiles, speaking in a voice that flows like honey, charm and nascent sensuality oozing from his every pore.

JERRY
What's wrong, Charley? Afraid I'd never come over without being invited first? You're quite right. But, of course, now that I've been made welcome, I'll probably drop by quite a bit.

His voice changes, suddenly charged with double meaning, his eyes burning into Charley.

JERRY
In fact, anytime I feel like it.
(changing tack, turning back to Judy)
With your mother's kind permission, of course.

JUDY
(totally enraptured with him)
Of course, Jerry. You're welcome anytime. It's so nice someone interesting has finally moved into the neighborhood. It's so dull around here. I mean how many nights can you play Trivial Pursuit? Right, Jerry?

JERRY
Right, Judy.

Charley watches this scene, backing across the room, terrified. He suddenly hits an end table, knocking it with a crash to the floor. Judy looks at him. He's ghost white.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDY
Charley, are you all right?

CHARLEY
(his eyes on Jerry as he backs for the door)
Yeah, fine. I've just got to get back to my trigonometry, that's all.

JERRY
Nice meeting you, Charley.
(his voice suddenly dripping with double entendre)
See you soon.

And unseen by Judy, he looks directly at Charley and winks at him. Charley whirls, bolting out of room and pounding up the stairway out of sight. Judy turns to Jerry.

JUDY
You know, our town really isn't as boring as I make it sound. For instance, there's a dance at the church the first Friday of every month.

JERRY
Really?

JUDY
(big smile)
Really.

Jerry smiles a secret smile and takes a sip of his drink.

39 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He bursts through the door and scoops up the phone, punching out a number frantically.

CUT TO:

40 INT. EVIL ED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is still at work, painting the monster model of the Ghoul. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

EVIL ED
Yeah.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
The vampire is in the house. My idiot mother just invited him over for a drink.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

EVIL ED
(starting to laugh)
No shit?

CUT BACK TO:

41 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLEY
Ed, this is serious!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

EVIL ED (V.O.)
You still have my cross?

CHARLEY
Yeah, and I nailed my window shut.

EVIL ED (V.O.)
Then relax. There's no way he can get to you.

CHARLEY
You sure?

CUT BACK TO:

42 INT. EVIL ED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EVIL ED
Positive. Now good night. I've got some studying to do.

He hangs up, returning to painting his monster model of the Ghoul, mumbling to himself.

EVIL ED
Fucking idiot.

CUT BACK TO:

43 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley grabs the cross off his desk and nervously fingers it, turning to stare out his window at Jerry's window next door. The shade is pulled, but there's a light on behind it. It doesn't make Charley any less nervous.

DISSOLVE:

44 EXT. DANDRIGE AND BREWSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Both houses sit quietly on the street, wrapped in the darkness of the night air. An ordinary enough image, two houses, sitting there, but there's something disturbing about it. After a few seconds one realizes what it is: the Dandrige house almost looks like it's about to pounce on its next door neighbor, the Brewster house.

45 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Judy is sound asleep, a light breeze wafting the curtains of her partially open window, sleeping mask over her eyes. *

46 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Darkness and silence, and nothing else but moonlight spilling through the window at the far end.

47 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He sleeps fitfully in his chair, his door locked behind him, his window barricaded with his desk.

48 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Suddenly the shadowy outline of what might be a huge bat swoops past the window outside followed by the BEATING OF MIGHTY WINGS. A second later something is heard landing on the roof with a heavy THUD.

49 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley sits bolt upright in his bed as he hears it, listening hard. But now there's nothing but silence. He stares up at the ceiling, listening and waiting.

Then he hears what SOUNDS LIKE FOOTSTEPS walking across the roof. And then silence again. Grabbing the cross and holding on to it tightly, he walks toward his door.

50 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He unlocks the door and pokes his head out, looking up and down the hall. Nothing. Then he hears it, a NOISE from the floor below. It sounds like fingernails scratching across glass. He tiptoes to the landing, staring down at the shadow enshrouded portico below. The NOISE IS LOUDER now, spookier, more insistent. Clutching his cross, he starts down the stairs.

51 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry Dandrige stands above Judy, staring down at her sleeping peacefully in her bed. The window behind him is now fully open. He glides across the room past Judy's bureau with her wigs sitting on it, past the wall mirror without leaving a reflection to mark his passing, and out the door with unnatural silence.

52 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry closes the door behind him, giving it a sharp tug that slightly dislodges it from it hinges, wedging it tight against the frame. It's something no man of ordinary strength could accomplish that easily. He turns away, gliding across the hall toward the open door to Charley's bedroom.

53 INT. STAIRWAY - PORTICO - NIGHT

Charley stands on the stairs, staring through the doorway into the living room. There is nothing but shadows in there. And then he sees it, the source of the scratching sound.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

A tree branch, caressed by the wind, is slowly moving back and forth across a pane of glass in one of the french doors to the patio. Relieved, Charley slips the cross into his pants pocket and turns, walking back up the stairs.

54 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He walks down the hall past his mother's bedroom, hardly giving it a glance as he disappears into his own room.

55 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He shuts the door softly behind him, locking it, sits, turns on the TV, rising again nervously and... turns to find himself facing Jerry Dandrige. He opens his mouth to scream. The vampire's hand whips out with blinding speed and seizes him by the throat, choking off all sound.

JERRY
Now we wouldn't want to wake your mother, would we, Charley?
(smiling)
Then I'd have to kill her, too.
Right?

Charley nods and Jerry flings the boy the length of the room with inhuman strength, slamming him into the far wall. Charley slips to the floor, all the air knocked out of him. Jerry advances on him as Charley fights to get his breath back.

JERRY
Do you realize the trouble you've caused me? Spying on me, almost disturbing my sleep this afternoon, telling policemen about me --

He reaches down and grabs the boy, jerking him erect, and slamming him against the wall again, Charley's legs dangling several feet above the floor. Jerry leans in, pressing his face close to Charley.

JERRY
You deserve to die, boy --

And he begins to slowly choke Charley, suddenly stopping, staring into the boy's face.

JERRY
Of course, I could give you something I've never had... a choice. You forget about me and I'll forget about you. What do you say, Charley?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

For an answer Charley suddenly whips the cross from his pocket, holding it up to thrust in Dandrige's face. Jerry's other hand snaps out and grabs Charley by the wrist, holding the hand with the cross as far away from him as he can and beginning to slowly apply pressure.

JERRY
It's not that easy, Charley. I have to see it.

Charley's face writhes in agony as Jerry threatens to pulverize his wrist bone with the sheer strength of his hand.

The cross slips from his numb fingers and falls to the floor. Jerry stares furiously at Charley, Charley staring back, terrified.

CHARLEY
(gasping it out)
If you kill me, everybody'll be suspicious. My mother, the police --

JERRY
Not if it looks like an accident.

Still holding him by the throat, Jerry releases his wrist and yanks the bureau from the window, slipping the lock, and throwing it full open, easily tearing the nails meant to hold it shut from the wood frame.

JERRY
A fall, for instance --

He starts to slowly, inexorably push Charley out the window. The boy cranes his neck, glancing over his shoulder. The hard ground is a good thirty feet below. He turns back to the vampire, fighting for a handhold, grabbing the window frame with one hand, his desk leg with another, trying to keep himself from being pushed back first out the window. But Jerry is too much for him, the vampire's strength making him seem puny by comparison. His fingers begin to slip from their hold on the window frame. His other hand starts scrabbling blindly across the desktop, searching desperately for a handhold. Nothing. Then his fingers suddenly wrap around a pencil and in desperation he brings it up, slamming the point down into the hand that holds him by the throat.

With an unearthly scream, Jerry whirls away from him, grabbing his hand in pain, the pencil protruding from the back of it, smoke rising from where the wood has pierced his dead skin. He grabs the pencil with his other hand and jerks it out, flinging it across the room, slowly raising his head to stare at Charley. The face is no longer human.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

Judy can be heard RATTLING HER BEDROOM DOOR in its frame, trying to get it open. Jerry's head whips back and forth between the door to the hall and Charley, the SOUNDS of Judy struggling to get her bedroom door open becoming louder all the time.

The door across the hall starts to give with a groan. With a hiss of frustrated fury, the vampire whirls, throws open Charley's door, and dashes out into the hall.

Charley throws off his shock at still being alive and plunges after him.

56 INT. HALL - NIGHT

Charley skids to a halt in the hall, sees the window at the far end is flung open wide, and dashes to it, sticking his head out and staring up at the night sky. Suddenly on the roof above him, there is the SOUND OF POWERFUL WINGS, beating away into the night air. And then nothing.

He slowly pulls his head back in and closes the window behind him, locking it. He turns to find Judy stumbling out to her room at last and looking at him.

JUDY
Charley, what happened?

CHARLEY
(thinking fast)
I, I just had a nightmare.

JUDY
(instantly concerned)
Oh, no. You know, I had one last night. I was at this White Sale and there I was, standing at the counter, and I reached for my credit cards only to realize I was naked as the day I was born --

Suddenly they both hear a dull THUD as if metal is bending, then nothing. Judy stops, turning back toward the closed window as Charley peers through the glass, seeing the shadowy form of Jerry Dandrige slipping out of their garage and crossing into the back yard of his own house.

JUDY
Now what's that?

She takes a step for the window only to have Charley grab her, gently guiding her back toward her bedroom.

CHARLEY
Nothing, Mom. Just the raccoons in the garbage again. Why don't you go back to sleep.

JUDY
But what about your nightmare? Do you want a valium?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
I'm fine now, honest. Night.

JUDY
Well, I do need my sleep. I start the night shift tomorrow, you know. *

CHARLEY
Yes, Mom, I know. Now, good night. *

He pushes her through her door into her bedroom, closing the door behind her and turning for his own room.

57 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley closes the door behind him, clicking on the TV for company, hardly looking at it as he paces the room, lost in thought. It's Fright Night again, another horror film on. It's the last thing he needs to see, and he's about to lean over and turn it off when the PHONE suddenly RINGS by his side, making him jump.

He picks it up, but doesn't say anything, just listening at the receiver. Suddenly he hears Jerry's sibilant whisper.

JERRY (V.O.)
I know you're there, Charley, I can see you.

Charley slowly turns, staring out his window. There, in the window of the house next door, stands Jerry Dandrige, the phone to his ear, staring at Charley.

58 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry stands at his window, staring back at the horror struck visage of the boy in the window of the house next door while Billy kneels at his side, solicitously bandaging his injured hand.

JERRY
I just destroyed your car, Charley. But it's nothing compared to what I'm going to do to <u>you</u> tomorrow night.

He hangs up, slowly reaching out and drawing the shade.

59 INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley watches the shade blank the lit window out.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

He slowly hangs up the phone, sinking onto the bed, thinking hard and coming up with no answers. On the TV, the horror flick dissolves as Peter Vincent comes on doing a station break rap.

PETER (V.O.)
Hello, horror fans. I hope you're enjoying "I, A Vampire Part Two." It's one of my best. Did you know a lot of people don't believe in vampires?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

Charley straightens up, his gaze suddenly riveted to the screen.

PETER (V.O.)
But I do. Because I know they exist. I have faced them in all their guises, men, wolves, bats. And I have always won. That's why they call me The Great Vampire Killer.
(dramatic pause)
Now, watch me do it --

The horror flick comes back up on the screen, a much younger Peter stalking Dracula through a drafty castle, stake and mallet in hand. Charley watches the movie with renewed, if not fervent interest, whispering to himself as he watches.

CHARLEY
Get him, Peter, get him --

DISSOLVE TO:

60 OMITTED

61 EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

Peter comes out of the studio dressed in his street clothes, moping toward his car, taking a cigarette from his cigarette case as he goes. He's in his fifties, tall, saturnine, by nature very theatrical, but at this particular moment in time, also very depressed. Charley jumps out from hiding and hurries toward him.

CHARLEY
Hey, Mr. Vincent --

Peter ignores him, continuing to walk toward his car as Charley falls in beside him.

CHARLEY
Could I talk to you a minute?
(nothing from Peter)
Please, Mr. Vincent, it's terribly important.

Peter, abruptly stopped, resigned to the fact that boy is not going to let him alone. He whips out a fountain pen.

PETER
All right, what do you want me to sign?

CHARLEY
(confused)
Pardon me?

PETER
Well, you want my autograph, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
No, sir. I was curious about what you said last night on TV. You know, about believing in vampires.

PETER
What about it?

CHARLEY
Were you serious?

PETER
Absolutely. Unfortunately none of your generation seems to be.

CHARLEY
What do you mean?

PETER
(venting his frustration on Charley)
That I have been fired because no one wants to see vampire killers anymore. Or vampires either. Apparently all they want are demented madmen running around in ski masks hacking up young virgins. Now if you'll excuse me --

He starts for his car again, Charley falling in beside him.

CHARLEY
I believe in vampires.

PETER
(hardly listening)
That's nice. If only there had been more of you perhaps my rating would have been higher.

CHARLEY
In fact I have one living next door. Would you help me kill him ?

That stops Peter cold. He turns and stares at the boy.

PETER
Pardon me?

CHARLEY
You know the murder of that girl that happened yesterday?

PETER
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY
Well, the guy who lives next door did it and he's a vampire.

A moment. Then Peter turns away angrily.

PETER
If this is your idea of a joke, I am not amused.

CHARLEY
(grabbing him)
Mr. Vincent, I'm not joking. I'm deadly serious.

Peter stares at him, sees he means it, and decides Charley's crazy. It makes him decidedly nervous.

PETER
I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me --

CHARLEY
(hurrying after him)
But, Mr. Vincent, I'm telling the truth --

Peter stops before his car, on outrageous old clunker, and fishes out his keys.

CHARLEY
You just said you believe in vampires --

PETER
(sharply)
I lied. Now leave me alone.

He opens the door only to have Charley slam it shut, staring at Peter desperately.

CHARLEY
Please, you have to listen to me. The vampire tried to kill me last night and trashed my car when he didn't succeed. He'll be coming back for me tonight and if I don't get help, he's going to kill me --

Peter shoves him aside, hopping into his car, quickly locking the door behind him, obviously terrified of Charley. As he starts the engine, Charley beats on the window.

CHARLEY
Mr. Vincent, you've got to believe me --

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

Peter backs up, hauling ass out of the lot, Charley running after him.

CHARLEY
Mr. Vincent --

He comes to a halt, realizing its useless, standing there watching as Peter disappears out of the lot and down the street.

CUT TO:

62 OMITTED

63 EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE - DAY

Amy rides up on her moped just as Evil Ed starts up the front walk toward Charley's house. She dismounts, looking at him.

AMY
What are you doing here?

EVIL ED
Me? What about you? I thought you just dumped him.

AMY
(hurrying up the walk)
What I'm doing here is none of your business.

EVIL ED
(hurrying after her)
Aha, you do like him!

He disappears into the house right behind her.

64 INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - DAY

Amy and Evil Ed push open the door and step inside, Amy yelling up the steps.

AMY
Anybody home?

No answer, nothing but silence. She and Evil Ed exchange glances, then start up the steps.

65 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Amy and Evil Ed walk through the door and stop, gasping at what they see.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

The room has been transformed from a normal, happy kid's room into a armament camp for a vampire assault.

The window is nailed shut, strands of garlic, a dozen at least, hung from the curtains. Dime store crosses and crucifixes are everywhere, in every imaginable shape and size.

Charley sits in the middle of the floor, whittling a stake from a slat of grape fence, a hammer by his side.

EVIL ED
(staring around)
What's all this for?

CHARLEY
Self-defense. Not that I think I'll need it. He'll be dead before nightfall.

AMY
(exchanging worried glances with Evil Ed)
Who will be?

CHARLEY
Dandrige. I'm waiting for the guy he lives with to leave, then I'm going to go next door, find his coffin, and pound this through his heart. *

He holds up the stake. Evil Ed and Amy look at it, horrified.

AMY
That's murder, Charley.

CHARLEY
(looking back at her with total seriousness)
You can't murder a vampire, Amy. They're already dead, remember.

AMY
Charley, you're acting crazy.

CHARLEY
I don't have any choice, Amy. The police won't listen to me, my mother thinks I'm crazy, you two, even Peter Vincent thinks I'm nuts.

AMY
(shocked again)
You actually went to Peter Vincent?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY
(nodding)
Yeah. Dandrige has got to be stopped. Listen. I just taped this.

He hits the play button on his stereo Dolby TAPE DECK and a local RADIO NEWSCAST PLAYS back over the speakers.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
And now for the two o'clock news. Another body of a young woman was discovered early this morning in back of the Sheraton Mall --

He hits the stop button and turns back to them.

CHARLEY
See. After he attacked me last night he went out and had his dinner.
(turning to stare out the window at the Dandrige house again)
No, I don't have any choice. Somebody has to stop him. Hold on, I need another stake --

He rises and disappears out the door into the hall. Evil Ed turns to Amy, truly frightened for the first time. He whispers to her.

EVIL ED
What are we going to do? If we don't stop him he's actually going to try to kill this guy.
(really horrified)
With a stake through the heart!

AMY
I know, I know --

EVIL ED
I don't believe this. It's like Fright Night.

AMY
(her eyes lighting up)
That's it!

EVIL ED
What?

AMY
We get Peter Vincent to prove to him that this Dandrige guy isn't a vampire.

EVIL ED
(shocked by the suggestion)
How are we going to do that?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

AMY
I don't know, but we better figure out a way if we don't want to be visiting Charley in jail.

Charley enters from the hall, carrying another slat of wood to be sharpened. Evil Ed and Amy fall silent as he takes his seat by the window and goes back to his whittling.

AMY
(nervously clearing her throat)
Charley, it's going to be dangerous going into that house alone, isn't it?
(Charley nods)
You're going to need all the help you can get, right? Somebody like Peter Vincent for instance.

CHARLEY
I told you, I already tried him.

AMY
Why not let us try before you do anything?

CHARLEY
Why should he believe you anymore than he did me?

AMY
Maybe we're better talkers.

CHARLEY
Fat chance.

AMY
What happens if you go into that house alone and he gets you? Who's going to stop him then?

EVIL ED
(joining in)
Yeah, then he'll be able to suck his way through this entire town. Not that it would be much of a loss.

CHARLEY
(slowly)
I don't know --

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (4)

AMY
(pushing him hard)
Charley, it'll be dark soon. You don't want to go into that house then, do you?

CHARLEY
No, you're right there.
(another moment; finally)
All right, try him again.

AMY
(rising)
Great. Now, you promise you won't do anything till you hear from us?
(as Charley nods; she turns to Evil Ed)
Come on --

Evil Ed hurries out of the room, Amy following him. * Charley calls after her.

CHARLEY *
Amy --
(she stops, turning back)
You don't believe me, do you?

AMY *
(slowly)
I love you, Charley.

She turns and hurries out of the room.

66 OMITTED

67 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - DAY

Billy stands at the window, peering through the curtain at Amy and Evil Ed as they hurry out of Charley's house and start down the street. He glances at his watch. It's four o'clock, another good two hours before dusk begins to fall. He turns and stares thoughtfully up the stairway in the direction of the attic.

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED

69 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Peter lets himself into his efficency apartment carrying a handful of mail.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

The place is small, but neat, the walls dotted with posters of his various movies, all in the horror genre, stretching back at least three decades.

The bookshelves and table are dotted with memorabilia, props and awards, from his various roles.

He stops by the table, going through the mail. They're bills and more bills, many marked "Last Notice", one of them an order to vacate this apartment within three days for failure to pay rent. Suddenly there is a KNOCK at his door and he goes wearily to answer it. He opens it to find Amy and Evil Ed standing there.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

PETER
Yes.

AMY
Could we talk to you for a moment, Mr. Vincent?

PETER
(his gaze sliding to the unpaid bills)
I'm afraid now isn't the best time --

AMY
Please. It's terribly important.

He stares at her and sees the desperation in her eyes. He steps back, closing the door behind him, and following them into the room.

PETER
Now what can I do for you? An autograph or an interview for your school newspaper?

AMY
I'm afraid this is much more important.

PETER
(frowning)
Oh, really?

AMY
I know you're a very busy man, Mr. Vincent, but we're trying to save a boy's life.

PETER
(hurumphing)
Well, yes, I see where that could be more important. Would you care to explain yourself?

EVIL ED
(stepping in)
You remember a fruitcake kid named Charley Brewster. He said he came to see you?

PETER
(shaking his head)
No.

AMY
He's the one who thinks a vampire is living next door.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

PETER
(smiling)
Oh, yes. He's insane.
(looking at Amy)
Dear me, I hope he's not a friend of yours?

EVIL ED
(maliciously)
She's got the hots for the creep.

She flushes and smacks Evil Ed, making him yelp. She turns back to Peter.

AMY
We need your help to stop him, Mr. Vincent. You see, he really does believe his next door neighbor is a vampire. He's planning to kill him.

EVIL ED
(gleefully)
Yeah, with a stake through the heart.

Peter stares at them for a moment.

PETER
Are you two serious?
(as Amy nods)
My dear, your friend needs a psychiatrist, not a vampire killer.

AMY
(begging)
Please, Mr. Vincent.

PETER
I'm afraid not, my dear.
(nodding at an open suitcase on the bed)
You see, Hollywood beckons. I've been offered a starring role in a major movie. I've even had to quit Fright Night. So you see, I'm afraid --

AMY
I'll hire you. I'll give you money. *

PETER
(quick as a wink)
How much?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

AMY
I have a five hundred dollar savings bond --

PETER
I'll take it.
(sitting in a chair across from her, suddenly all charm)
Now how are we going to cure your little friend of this delusion?

EVIL ED
I got it all figured out. We all go next door to the neighbor and you run some kind of vampire test on him and pronounce him human. Like in "Orgy of the Damned." You know, where you looked in the mirror and the guy didn't have a reflection and then you knew he was a vampire.

PETER
(getting misty-eyed)
Ah, yes, that was one of my favorite roles. I still have the prop.

He pulls out a silver cigarette case and flips it open. The inside of the lid is a mirror. He suddenly snaps it shut and slips it back into his pocket, looking up at them.

PETER
It sounds fine to me, but how do we get this next door neighbor to agree?

EVIL ED
(confidently)
Leave that to me --

Nobody glances out the window as Evil Ed picks up the phone and dials 411, but if they did, they'd see night has fallen.

CUT TO:

70 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

As the CAMERA watches all the clocks on the wall begin to tick, signaling dusk has fallen and Jerry is awakening. CAMERA PANS off the clocks to phone on the portico table. It RINGS. Billy appears down the hall from the kitchen. He picks it up. *

BILLY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

He listens as what must be the ATTIC DOOR is heard CREAKING OPEN on the floor above. Billy turns and stares up the stairway as Jerry appears out of the darkness, slowly walking down the steps. Billy holds the phone out to him.

BILLY
It's for you.

Jerry takes it.

JERRY
Yes.
(he listens)
Yes, this is Jerry Dandrige.
(he listens some more, slowly smiling)
I see. Yes, of course, I'm always willing to help young people. But I'm afraid crosses wouldn't do. You see, I've been reborn recently.

He smiles at Billy; Billy smiles back.

CUT BACK TO:

71 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Evil Ed cups his hand over the receiver and turns to Peter as Amy watches.

EVIL ED
He's a reborn Christian. He thinks crosses would be sacrilegious.

PETER
Ask him how he feels about holy water?

EVIL ED
(back into the phone)
How about holy water?
(he listens, then back to Peter)
Won't do either.

PETER
Tell him it'll be just ordinary tap water and all he has to do is take a sip.

Evil Ed turns back to the phone.

CUT BACK TO:

71A INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - NIGHT

Jerry listens into the phone while Billy watches.

JERRY
Yes, that sounds fine. Only don't come over till six tomorrow.
(pause)
I'll be out until then.

He slowly hangs up and turns to Billy.

JERRY
It seems we won't have to go out tonight after all. His friends are bringing him over tomorrow night.
(pause)
To prove to him that I'm not a vampire.

Billy smiles. So does Jerry.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 OMITTED

73 EXT. BREWSTER AND DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Evil Ed and Amy drive up in a cab, hopping out, and hurry up the walk toward Charley's house.

74 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley sits in the dark, a razor sharp wooden stake in one hand, a hammer in the other. He's dividing his attention between the window and the door. There is a KNOCK at the door. He raises the stake, ready to defend himself.

CHARLEY
Who is it?

EVIL ED (O.S.)
It's me and Amy, stupid. Open up.

Charley opens the door and lets them in. Amy throws herself into his arms, almost dancing around the room in her joy.

AMY
Charley, Peter Vincent said he'd come.

CHARLEY
He did. When?

AMY
Tomorrow at six.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(suddenly frightened)
But Dandrige will be out of his coffin by then.

EVIL ED
Relax, he's Peter Vincent, the Great Vampire Killer. He must know what he's doing, right?

CHARLEY
(getting paranoid)
I don't know. Maybe he didn't take it seriously --

AMY
(lying mightily)
Oh, he did, Charley, he did.

CHARLEY
(looking at her)
Honest?

AMY
(nodding solemnly)
Honest.

CHARLEY
(slowly)
Then maybe we'll really have a chance to kill Dandrige tomorrow night.
(tears welling up in his eyes)
You two don't know what it's been like, knowing there's a vampire living next door and having no one believe me --

AMY
(soothingly)
It's all right, Charley --

She takes him in her arms, holding him close as Evil Ed turns away in disgust, staring out the window at the darkened window next door.

75 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry sits in the dark, rocking back and forth in a chair, staring out the window into Charley's room, catching just the dim outlines of the three kids in the house next door.

He smiles; if anybody saw the smile, they'd run screaming in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - DUSK INTO NIGHT

The three teenagers, Charley, Evil Ed, and Amy, stand in front of the house waiting. Dusk is slowly gathering, the shadows lengthening as night closes about them. Charley glances nervously at his watch.

CHARLEY
It's six ten. He said he'd be here at six, right?

EVIL ED
Relax. He said he'd be here, he'll be here.

Peter's old clunker appears around the corner. Amy is the first to see it.

AMY
Here he comes.

The kids rush the car as Peter pulls up.

CHARLEY
Mr. Vincent, I can't tell you how much I appreciate this --

Peter slowly gets out of the car, stretching to his full height. He wears his vampire killer regalia, the Victorian suit, and carries a small leather satchel. There is something truly majestic about him. He looks down at Charley, laying it on with a trowel.

PETER
Charley Brewster, I presume?
(as Charley nods; Peter shakes his hand)
Peter Vincent, vampire killer. And now down to business. Where is the lair of this suspected creature of the night?

CHARLEY
(pointing at the Dandrige house)
There.

PETER
(studying it)
Ah, yes, I see what you mean. There is a distinct possibility. *

He opens the satchel, withdraws a small crystal vial of water, slips it into his jacket pocket, closes the bag, and replaces it on the front seat of his car. He locks the car and turns back to the kids, straightening his shoulders.

PETER
Well, shall we?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
Where're your stakes and hammer?

PETER
I left them in my bag.

CHARLEY
(horrified)
You're not going in there without them?

PETER
I have to prove he's a vampire before I kill him, Charley.

CHARLEY
But I know he's a vampire.

PETER
But I am the one that has to know, Charley. This is holy water. If it touches him, he'll blister and in this case I asked him to drink it while we all watched. He readily agreed. *

CHARLEY
(shocked)
He did?

PETER
Yes. Which doesn't exactly strengthen your case, does it? Now, shall we go.

He takes a step up the walk. Charley grabs his arm.

CHARLEY
But, Mr. Vincent, if I'm right and you prove he's a vampire, he'll kill us all right then and there.

PETER
No, he won't, Charley. Not with me here to protect you. After all, I'm Peter Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

He starts up the walk, Amy and Evil Ed following him. Charley runs after him, increasingly desperate.

CHARLEY
But, Mr. Vincent, you don't know how powerful he is. He can change into a bat and fly through the night --

Peter stops on the porch, knocking on the door, listening to the boy with half an ear.

PETER
Of course, Charley, of course. But then he's never dealt with me before either.

CHARLEY
But --

Billy Cole opens the door, his face lighting up when he sees Peter. He shakes his hand warmly.

BILLY
Mr. Vincent, Billy Cole. This is a pleasure. Won't you all come in?

He steps back and Peter, Evil Ed, and Amy enter the house. Charley has no choice but to follow.

77 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - NIGHT

Billy turns and yells up the stairs, all the clocks behind him ticking madly, the hour 6:30 p.m. *

BILLY
Hey, Jerry, they're here.

Several seconds pass. Nothing happens. Peter turns to Billy.

PETER
Perhaps he didn't hear you.

BILLY
(smiling)
Oh, he heard me all right.

Suddenly a STEP CREAKS at the top of the staircase where the shadows are the heaviest. Slowly Jerry Dandrige walks down the stairs into view, first his elegant shoes, then his legs with their fashionable pants, and finally the rest of him, all beautifully turned out. His handsome face stares down at them as he makes his entrance. There is something truly majestic about him, both incredibly attractive and yet frightening at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

Jerry reaches the bottom of the stairs and turns to Peter with a blinding smile. *

JERRY
Ah, Mr. Vincent.
(shaking Peter's hand warmly)
I've seen all your films and I've found them very amusing.

PETER
(obviously pleased)
Why, thank you --

JERRY
(turning to Amy and Evil Ed)
And who might these two attractive people be?

PETER
(doing the intros)
This is Ed Thompson and Amy Peterson.

JERRY
(bending low over Amy's hand and kissing it)
Charmed.
(looking up at Charley with a wicked smile)
Isn't that what vampires are supposed to do, Charley?

Charley scowls at him. The others laugh. Jerry turns to the living room.

JERRY
Please, come in --

He ushers Peter into the living room, Billy following. Amy and Evil Ed stare after Jerry, both totally captivated.

AMY
God, he's neat.

She follows him into the living room. Evil Ed shoots Charley a disgusted glance.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

EVIL ED
Some vampire, Brewster.

He follows the others. Left alone, Charley has no choice but to join them.

78 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry looks around at the packing crates and few pieces of dusty furniture and turns back to the others.

JERRY
You'll have to excuse the mess. I'm still unpacking --

CHARLEY
(sourly)
Where do you keep your coffin? Or do you have more than one?

PETER
(a warning growl)
Charley --

JERRY
(smiling)
It's all right, Mr. Vincent. I'm quite used to it by now. As you may or may not know, Charley even brought the police over a few days ago.

Peter, Amy, and Evil Ed all look at Charley, shocked.

AMY
Charley, you didn't.

CHARLEY
(angrily)
Damn right, I did. Only the cops didn't believe me anymore than any of you.
(back to Jerry)
But you'll believe me in a few seconds. Mr. Vincent, give him the holy water.

PETER
(warning him)
Charley, there's no reason to be rude about this --

PETER
(raising a placating hand)
It's perfectly all right, Mr. Vincent. Where is the, ah, holy water?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

Peter withdraws the vial from his pocket. Jerry eyes it warily, staring at Peter, his voice suddenly heavy with double meaning.

JERRY
Are you sure that's holy water, Mr. Vincent?

PETER
(playing it up)
Positive. I saw Father Scanlon bless it down at Saint Mary's myself.

Jerry takes the vial from his hand, pulling the stopper, and sniffing at it, for the first time nervousness creeping into his manner. Charley sidles up to Amy, whispering in her ear as Jerry prepares to drink the water.

CHARLEY
Get ready to run. I'll protect you with this.

He edges a cross out of his pocket, just giving her a glimpse of it. He glances up just as Jerry lifts his head back and downs the contents of the vial in one swallow. He turns to Peter triumphantly.

JERRY
There, satisfied?

PETER
Totally.
(to Charley)
Charley, you saw it. Are you convinced now that Mr. Dandrige isn't a vampire?

Charley stares at Jerry and the vial, stunned almost into speechlessness.

CHARLEY
But, it can't be --

PETER
You just saw it, Charley. You know as well as I do that no vampire could drink blessed water.

CHARLEY
Then it wasn't blessed!

PETER
(huffily)
Are you calling me a liar, young man?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

Charley looks at Jerry. Jerry stares back at him, smiling. Charley suddenly whips the cross out of his pocket and holds it up.

CHARLEY
If he's not a vampire, then have him touch this!

Jerry stiffens, his face losing its color, but none of the others notice. They're all looking askance at Charley. Peter steps up to the boy.

PETER
Charley, you've already made a fool of yourself once. There's no reason to compound the error.

JERRY
Yes, Charley, you've already caused your friends quite enough pain.
(his eyes burning into Charley, hammering the point home)
You don't want to cause them <u>any more</u>, do you?

Charley sees Dandrige coiling to spring, Billy sliding into place blocking the doorway to the portico. The tension level in the room is suddenly unbearable. Peter, Amy, and Evil Ed are aware of it although they don't know the reason. Charley slowly edges the cross back into his pocket.

CHARLEY
No, no, of course not.

JERRY
And you're finally convinced I'm not a vampire either, correct?

Their eyes lock; a moment passes. Then finally:

CHARLEY
Yes.

Jerry smiles at him and the tension suddenly flows out of the room. Billy even smiles. Jerry steps forward, ushering them all toward the portico.

JERRY
Well, I'm glad that's all settled.

79 INT. PORTICO - NIGHT

They all stop before the front door, Billy in the background Jerry turns to Peter.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

JERRY
I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Mr. Vincent. You've been a great help.

PETER
Not at all, Mr. Dandrige. Glad to be of service.

Jerry ignores Charley, turning to Amy and Evil Ed as Peter steps back, reaching into his coat pocket for his cigarette case.

JERRY
It's been very nice meeting both of you. Please, feel free to drop by anytime.
(his eyes singling out Amy and burning into her)
You'll always be welcome.

AMY
(her eyes beginning to glaze over)
I'd, I'd like that, Mr. Dandrige.

JERRY
Please, call me Jerry.

Her face is beginning to stiffen, her eyes turning blank. Charley looks at her in sudden alarm, remembering the girl he saw through the window that night.

He grabs Amy by the arm, tugging her toward the door.

CHARLEY
C'mon, let's get out of here --

AMY
(pulling away from him, her gaze never leaving Dandrige)
Just a minute, Charley --

Smiling, Jerry turns to Evil Ed as behind them all Peter opens his cigarette case, takes out a smoke, about to tamp it down on a thumbnail when he glances at the mirror on the inside of the lid. He sees Amy, Evil Ed, and Charley grouped around where Jerry Dandrige should be standing, but he's <u>not</u> there. It's as though the kids are talking to thin air.

79 CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY
The same goes for you, Ed I suspect we have many of the same interests. You know, in such things as horror movies and the occult.

Peter's head jerks up and he looks at the doorway. Now he sees Jerry standing there, talking to the kids. Peter looks back down at the mirror again. No Jerry. His face goes chalk white, his mouth gasps for air, and he drops the case from his palsied hands. It smashes to the hardwood floor with a crash. Everyone turns and looks at him.

JERRY
Something wrong, Mr. Vincent?

Peter hurriedly scoops up the case, trying to hide his shaking hands and keep the tremor out of his voice.

PETER
No, no, just my clumsiness. Come along, we must be going. Thank you again, Mr. Dandrige --

He ushers the teenagers out the front door as Jerry watches, puzzled by his sudden change in attitude.

80 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter plunges down the walk to his car, the kids hurrying to keep up with him. Charley looks at him.

CHARLEY
What's wrong with you?

PETER
Nothing.

He stops by his car, fumbling his keys out of his pocket, hardly able to fit them into the lock with his trembling hands.

CHARLEY
Then why are your hands shaking?

PETER
(his hands shaking worse than ever)
They're not shaking.

He finally gets the door open, hurriedly sliding in behind the wheel, slamming the door behind them. Charley leans down, speaking through the partially open window.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
You saw something in there, didn't you, something that convinced you he was a vampire?

PETER
Will you be quiet.

CHARLEY
Is Jerry Dandrige a vampire or not?

PETER
(struggling to get the car started)
No, of course not.

CHARLEY
Please, Mr. Vincent, you have to tell me. Our lives depend on it.

PETER
All right. He didn't cast a reflection in my mirror. Satisfied now? * *

CHARLEY
Mr. Vincent, you have to call the police and tell them --

The ENGINE finally CATCHES, and he ROARS away in a cloud of burning rubber, Charley watching him go, half frustrated to death.

CHARLEY
Shit!

80A INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - NIGHT

Billy and Jerry peer out the window, watching the kids walk away from the house.

JERRY
(almost to himself)
I could teach her so much --

BILLY
What?

JERRY
Nothing.

Jerry turns away from the window, sits at the foot of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

80A CONTINUED:

BILLY
(still at window)
Well, at least they'll never believe the kid now. *

Jerry glances down and sees a sliver of mirror from Peter's cracked cigarette case at his feet. He picks it up, examining it. He casts no reflection in it. He holds it up for Billy to see.

JERRY
No?
(rising)
Let's go.

He grabs his leather jacket and moves down the hallway toward the back door, Billy quickly following.

80B EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

The kids are walking down the street away from the Dandrige house, the CAMERA CRANING UP to FOLLOW them as they recede in the distance, the darkness slowly swallowing them up.

(CONTINUED)

80B CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(turning to Amy and Evil Ed)
Well, at least you two heard him. *

EVIL ED
Heard who? *

CHARLEY
Peter Vincent. He said Dandrige had no reflection. *

EVIL ED
Probably just a trick of the light.

CHARLEY
(whirling on Amy)
You felt how evil Dandrige was, didn't you, Amy? Remember the way he looked at you?

AMY
(confused by the memories)
Yes, sort of --

EVIL ED
(bored with it all)
Oh, for Christ sake --

He turns, about to duck between two houses. *

CHARLEY
Where are you going?

EVIL ED
Home. It's dinner time.

CHARLEY
Wait a minute. We walk Amy home first.

EVIL ED
Why?

CHARLEY
Because it's after dark, pencil dick, and there's a vampire back there! *

He points back at the Dandrige house. Evil Ed just stares at him. *

EVIL ED
Oh, shit, Brewster, you're certifiable, you know that.

(CONTINUED)

80B CONTINUED:

They all start down the street together again; growing smaller and smaller until they disappear into the darkness. *

81 OMITTED 81 *

CUT TO:

82 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The town of Rancho Corvallis is middling size, perhaps a hundred thousand people.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

There are several tall buildings around, not many but enough. Street lamps cast pools of bright light and deep shadows everywhere. There are a few pedestrians out, a few cars passing by, but once again, not many.

The three kids walk down the street. Evil Ed stops before the open mouth to a shadow encrusted alleyway.

EVIL ED
Let's cut through here.

CHARLEY
No way. We want people and lights, the more the better.

EVIL ED
Look, Brewster, vampires don't exist. Haven't you gotten that through your thick head yet?

CHARLEY
What if you're wrong, Evil? What if Dandrige is a vampire and he thinks you know it. Would you walk down that alley then?

The hair on the back of Evil Ed's neck starts to stand on end. Then he denies it.

EVIL ED
Aw, fuck you, Brewster.

He takes a step toward the alley. Charley grabs him.

CHARLEY
Ed, please, just stick with us.

EVIL ED
Forget it. You may be chickenshit, but I'm not.

He disappears down the alley into the darkness. Amy and Charley stare after him. She turns to Charley.

AMY
What do we do?

CHARLEY
Let him go. No vampire's gonna want him anyway. Probably give him blood poisoning.

They're about to turn away when a blood curdling SCREAM ECHOES out of the darkness of the alleyway. It's Evil Ed. Charley and Amy dash headlong into the alley after him.

83 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They speed through the darkness, skidding to a halt on the shadow slick pavement, looking around.

CHARLEY
Where is he?

Amy spots him laying crumpled against a wall.

AMY
Over here.

They dash to him, kneeling by his side. Evil Ed's eyes are closed, his breathing shallow. Charley tries to shake him awake.

CHARLEY
Ed, Ed, are you all right?

Nothing from Evil Ed. Charley looks at Amy.

CHARLEY
Jesus, I warned him --

Evil Ed's eyes suddenly snap open, staring up wildly at Charley.

EVIL ED
He got me, Charley. He bit me.
(grabbing him by the lapels)
You know what you're gonna have to do, don't you?
(as Charley shakes his head, really scared)
Kill me, Charley. Kill me before I turn into a vampire and --

He suddenly heaves himself at Charley, his mouth opening, going for his throat as Charley jerks back, terrified.

EVIL ED
Give you a hickey!

He suddenly lets Charley go, rolling on the pavement and laughing like a maniac, perfectly all right. Charley springs to his feet, furious with him.

CHARLEY
You asshole, you fucking asshole!

Evil Ed rolls on the ground in hysterics, pointing at him, and laughing loudly.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

EVIL ED
Ha, hah, really fooled you.
(climbing to his feet and dusting himself off)
You really believed me, you poor dope!

CHARLEY
(flushed with anger)
You'll get yours someday, Evil.

He grabs Amy's hand and walks back down the alley toward the street and the lights. Evil Ed yells after him.

EVIL ED
(mockingly)
Yeah, when? When I'm bit by a vampire? There are no such things as vampires, you fruit cake!

Still chuckling to himself, he turns in the opposite direction and disappears down the alleyway into the darkness.

A moment passes; nothing but silence.

Then Jerry Dandrige steps out from a shadowy wall where it would be impossible for any mortal to have concealed himself. It's almost as though he materializes out of the night. He stares after Charley and Amy and then slowly turns to stare in the opposite direction after Evil Ed.

He slowly walks in that direction.

83A EXT. FARTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Evil Ed walks along, feeling safe and secure. And then he hears it, FOOTSTEPS behind him, coming through the dark slowly toward him. He turns and looks back.

EVIL ED
Charley, Amy, that you?

He hears nothing but those FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER and CLOSER. The fear starts to work at him, twisting up his gut and making his forehead sheen with sweat. He steps forward, yelling out with false bravery.

EVIL ED
If that's you, it isn't working. I'm not scared!

And then Jerry emerges out of the shadows, smiling at him. With a scream, Evil Ed turns and runs.

83B EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Evil Ed runs like he's never run before, pounding through the dark, smashing into traffic cans and falling to the ground, leaping to his feet, ignoring his skinned hands and bruised knees, running for his life and knowing it.

83C EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT

He suddenly skids to a halt, facing a brick wall. He whirls, his breath coming in ragged gasps now, peering down the alleyway into the dark, listening to those FOOTSTEPS getting closer and closer. He slowly backs away until he has no further to go his back against the brick wall, on the verge of hysteria.

EVIL ED
No, no --

The FOOTSTEPS SUDDENLY STOP. Nothing but silence. The seconds tick past. He takes a step away from the wall, peering into the darkness with something like hope, preying that maybe, just maybe, Dandrige has given up.

A voice suddenly whispers in his ear, no more than an inch away.

JERRY
Hello, Edward.

Evil Ed turns with a scream to find Jerry standing right next to him. Almost insane with fear now, slobbering like a wounded animal, he backs away from the shadowy figure, hitting the corner and sliding to the cold pavement, almost curled up in a fetal ball, tears streaming from his eyes. Dandrige walks over to him, staring down with something like pity in his eyes.

JERRY
You have nothing to fear from me.
(in a voice like honey)
I understand what it's like, being different. Only they won't make fun of you anymore or beat you up. I'll see to that. All you have to do is take my hand.

Evil Ed slowly looks up at him through his tear-stained eyes to see Jerry staring down at him, his hand outstretched to him, a slight smile on his face, gentle, seductive, beguiling.

JERRY
Here, Edward, take my hand.

Evil Ed looks down at the hand outstretched to him.

(CONTINUED)

83C CONTINUED:

It's beautiful, perfectly shaped with thin, elegant fingers, almost womanly, the nails impossibly long, perfectly shapped, tapering to five gleaming, razor sharp points.

Evil Ed slowly reaches out and takes the vampire's hand. Jerry smiles down at him and slowly leans down, lifting him up into the last embrace Edward Thompson will ever know.

84 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charley and Amy walk rapidly along a street, heading toward Amy's home. He casts a glance at her.

CHARLEY
How much further?

AMY
About ten minutes --

A DEATH RATTLE, long and high-pitched, suddenly comes to them, ECHOING through the city streets, down alleyways and across apartment buildings, faint yet filled with so much terror it stops them in their tracks and leaves them staring fearfully about at the shadows.

CHARLEY
What was that?

AMY
Evil Ed messing around.
(shouting)
Not funny, Evil!

Her voice bounces off the walls down the street and then dies, leaving them staring at the darkness and the shadows, fearful. Amy tries to act brave, turning to Charley.

AMY
C'mon --

They start down the street again, Charley glancing nervously over his shoulder in the direction of Evil Ed's scream.

CHARLEY
Amy, what if Evil really was in trouble?

AMY
Oh, come on, Charley, don't let him suck you in again --

All the street lights suddenly go out, plunging them into almost total blackness.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

They whirl, looking back down the now totally dark street, slowly backing away from the darkness.

CHARLEY
(to Army, in a hoarse whisper)
Don't tell me it's a power outage.

AMY
(equally scared)
What else could it be -- ?

Charley stops, grabbing her, and nods to a light pole opposite them. She follows his gaze to see a power box on the pole, its front ripped open, the wires inside shredded. Before they can even gasp at the sight, they hear the SOUND OF HUGE WINGS beating overhead. A huge shadow of a bat flies across the building wall opposite them. That's all it takes; they whirl, dashing down the street.

85 OMITTED
&
86

87 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

They come racing down a street, under a bridge and start up the incline toward the ROAR above. They turn onto the bridge, starting to cross it, slowing to a walk, breathing hard.

CHARLEY
I think we lost him.

AMY
Yeah.
(*stopping and turning* to Charley)
Charley, you were right about the holy water. We faked it. I'm just sorry I didn't believe you.

CHARLEY
It's all right, Amy.

He kisses her, takes her hand, and they start walking up the bridge.

CHARLEY
We've got it made --

And they freeze. There, high above them on one of the arches of the bridge, so high up no one could possibly get there unless they flew, stands Jerry Dandrige, staring down at them. With a scream, they whirl, racing off the bridge and down the street.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

They suddenly turn the corner only to find they are facing Jerry Dandrige, standing on the sidewalk directly in front of them, amused by the frozen expressions of horror on their faces.

CHARLEY
Run!

He grabs Amy's hand, the two of them whirling and disappearing around the street corner.

88 OMITTED

89 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

They race down the street for the far corner.

90 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

They whip around the corner only to skid to a halt. There stands Jerry Dandrige again, smiling at them. He takes a step toward them and they whirl, diving down a side street.

91 EXT. SIDE STREET - CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

They tear down the street, seeing the Club Radio, a fashionable disco, across the street. Its entrance is jammed with people trying to get in, all of them dressed to the teeth in New Wave and neo-punk.

CHARLEY
Over here --

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Charley dives for it, dragging Amy after him just as Jerry appears around the corner behind them, walking toward them with a steady gait, relaxed, in no great hurry, a hunter sure of his kill.

Charley and Amy fight their way through the crowd until they reach the front door. A BOUNCER stands there, checking I.D.s and collecting the cover charge. He hardly looks down as Amy and Charley step up.

BOUNCER
Five bucks apiece.

Charley frantically searches his pockets and comes up with change and nothing else. Amy pulls out a ten dollar bill and hands it to him.

AMY
I've got it --

As Charley takes it from her, he glances over her shoulder and sees Jerry moving through the crowd toward them. He shoves the money at the Bouncer hurriedly.

CHARLEY
Here --

The man takes it and Charley grabs Amy, pulling her toward the door, watching over his shoulder as Jerry keeps coming closer and closer toward them. Suddenly the Bouncer reaches out and collars Charley.

BOUNCER
Hey, just a sec. How old are you two?

CHARLEY
(lying through his teeth)
Eighteen.

BOUNCER
Let me see some I.D.

Charley glances back. Jerry is just an arm's length away now. A MAN suddenly shoulders him aside just as he's about to grab Charley and Amy.

MAN
Hey, wait you turn.

Jerry turns and stares at the man. Whatever the man sees in Jerry's eyes gives him the cold sweats and he backs hurriedly away.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

Charley grabs Amy, using the moment to pull her away from the door and Jerry. The Bouncer shouts after them, holding up the ten spot.

BOUNCER
Hey, what about your money?

Charley and Amy come out of the crowd, backing away from the door just as Jerry emerges, stepping after them. He's only ten feet away now, smiling as he approaches, both kids realizing it's hopeless to run at this point. Backing away, Charley and Amy cross the mouth of an alley. There's the CRASH OF A GARBAGE PAIL and Charley glances down the alley to see a dish washer from the club dumping garbage, the bright lights of the door into the kitchen shining like a beacon in the night.

Charley grabs Amy's hand and jerks her down the alley after him as he races for the door.

92 INT. CLUB RADIO KITCHEN - NIGHT

He and Amy race through the mad house of a kitchen, one of the COOKS glancing up from chopping lettuce as they speed pass.

COOK
(waving his butcher knife at them)
Hey, you can't go in there!

93 INT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

They burst through the door to find themselves in a packed VIDEO DISCO, four huge screens overlooking the dance floor, all of them playing Michael Jackson's "Thriller." Charley and Amy disappear into the crush of people. A moment later the cook appears from the kitchen, signaling a bouncer circling the floor, keeping a wary eye out for trouble.

Charley and Amy fight their way through the sea of dancers, Charley looking about. He sees what he wants, a sign above a hallway reading rest rooms and phone. He drags Amy in that direction.

At the corner of the dance floor, the cook can be seen gesturing to the bouncer, pointing in the direction the two kids took.

94 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They break through the crowd and down the short hallway to a bank of pay phones opposite the restrooms. Charley digs a dime out of his pocket, drops it, and dials. Amy screams at him to make herself heard above the din.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

AMY
Who are you calling?

CHARLEY
(screaming back)
The police.
(back into the phone)
Yeah, give me Lieutenant Lennox.

CUT TO:

94A INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is a KNOCK at Peter's locked and barred door. He slowly rises from his chair, the cross clenched in his hand, staring at it, terrified. The KNOCKING COMES AGAIN, louder this time. He presses his lips to the door, whispering.

PETER
Who is it?

EVIL ED
Me, Evil Ed.

PETER
What do you want?

EVIL ED
There's a vampire out here. Let me in.

Peter slips the cross into his pocket and unlocks the door. He pulls Evil Ed into the room, hurriedly locking and barring the door behind him. Evil Ed has changed, and not for the better. His skin is more sallow, huge dark circles under his eyes, his lips bloodless, his collar pulled up tightly around his neck. Peter turns to him.

PETER
What are we going to do?

EVIL ED
What are <u>you</u> going to do, not me.

Peter stares at him as Evil Ed slowly reaches up and pulls down the collar of his shirt, revealing two small puncture marks on his throat. Peter's eyes widen in horror; Evil Ed's smile only grows wider.

EVIL ED
I used to admire you, you know that. Of course, that was before I found out what a fake you were.

(CONTINUED)

94A CONTINUED:

He advances on Peter, looming over him, Peter staring up at the boy in growing terror. Evil Ed smiles at him, revealing two huge fangs. Peter leaps out of the chair, dashing for the door, fumbling to undo the locks and bars with trembling fingers. Evil Ed watches, his rictus grin just growing wider.

EVIL ED
Peter Vincent, the great vampire killer, indeed!

He throws himself at Peter, grabbing him from behind and whirling him about, opening his mouth wide to sink his fangs into him. Peter straightens, grabbing the cross from his pocket and thrusting it directly into Evil Ed's face, slamming it into his forehead between his eyes.

His skin sizzles and cracks, smoke rising, and Evil Ed backs away, bent over screaming in pain, his hands held to his face.

He slowly looks up as Peter watches, frozen in horror. Evil Ed drops his hands from his face, revealing a smoking sign of the cross branded into his forehead. He stares at Peter.

EVIL ED
What have you done to me?

He turns to look into the wall mirror, but there's no reflection for him to see. He whirls on Peter, screaming at him like the spoiled brat he is.

EVIL ED
What have you done to me?

He takes a step toward Peter and Peter thrusts the cross at him.

PETER
Back.

EVIL ED
The master will kill you for this. And not fast, slowly, oh, so slowly --

Peter advances on him, the cross held out in front of him with shaking hands, backing Evil Ed across the room toward the window.

PETER
Back, I say, back --

(CONTINUED)

94A CONTINUED: (2)

Evil Ed snarls at him like some trapped feral animal and suddenly whirls, throwing himself headlong out the window in an EXPLOSION OF SHATTERING GLASS.

Peter rushes to the window, staring out at the street below. Nothing. He cranes his neck peering at the heavens above. Nothing. He draws his head back in, leaning against the wall, gasping for breath, on hand on his heart, feeling it about to leap out of his chest with the horror of it all.

CUT BACK TO:

94B INT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

Charley slams the phone back into its cradle in frustration, Amy looking at him worriedly.

CHARLEY
He doesn't believe me.

AMY
(sinking back against the wall in defeat)
I'm scared, Charley. I'm <u>real</u> scared.

CHARLEY
I won't let him get you, Amy. I promise.

AMY
We haven't got a chance, Charley. Not the two of us against <u>him</u>! What about your mother? Call her. *

CHARLEY
She can't handle this, Amy. *
(suddenly)
You got Peter Vincent's number?

AMY
Oh, Charley, he doesn't care about us, I paid him to be there today.

CHARLEY
We don't have any choice, Amy. Now give me his number.

She reluctantly digs a scrap of paper out of her pocket as Charley drops another dime.

CUT TO:

94C CONTINUED:

JERRY
(a growl of inhuman rage)
What?

His hand snaps out, grabbing Evil Ed and jerking him forward into the spill of light from the overhead street lamp. The sign of the cross is clearly seen on his forehead. Jerry stares at it in revulsion.

JERRY
What is <u>that</u>?

EVIL ED
(crying piteously)
He had a cross --

JERRY
Fool!

He slams him back into the seat with so much force the crossbar that holds it in place bends.

94D EXT. STREET - JEEP - NIGHT

Jerry leaps out of the Jeep, slamming the door behind him, Evil Ed and Jerry staring after him as he strides toward the entrance to the club.

94E INT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT

Charley stands at the phone, Amy beside him, watching anxiously as he listens to the phone ring on the other end.

CHARLEY
C'mon, Mr, Vincent, answer, please, answer.

Unseen by either of them, Jerry Dandrige sweeps through the front door of the club, moving like a god among mere mortals, his eyes, now glowing a faint red, sweeping the crowd of dancers as he moves toward the dance floor.

95 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter sits in the dark, clutching a cross, trying not to shake as he watches the RINGING PHONE, too terrified to answer. It keeps on RINGING.

CUT BACK TO:

96 INT. CLUB RADIO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charley turns his back to the dance floor and Amy, shielding the phone with his body to cut down on some of the din, swearing to himself as he does so.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
Answer me, damnit, answer me --

Behind him Amy stiffens, staring out onto the dance floor at the sea of people. Moving through the dancers like a golden god moving amid mere mortals walks Jerry Dandrige. The hot, colored lights of the dance floor highlight his hair, accentuating his gracefulness, making him seem even more beautiful than he is.

He stops just at the edge of the floor and holds his hand out to Amy, the orgiastic dancing swirling on behind him, the pounding, SENSUAL BEAT OF THE FUNK ROCK washing over them both. His eyes burn into hers, willing her to come to him.

Terrified, she turns back toward Charley. In that moment Jerry disappears from the mouth of the hallway, Amy turning back just as she's about to grab Charley only to see he's gone. She stops, more intrigued than frightened, the image of that beautiful man holding out his hand to her sharp in her mind. She takes a step forward down the hall, continuing down the hall until she has a clear view of the dancers. Jerry's nowhere to be seen.

Behind her, Charley is just about to turn and glance in her direction when a voice answers on the other end of the line.

PETER (V.O.)
Yes.

Charley cups one hand over his ear, bending down to hear better. Behind him Amy slowly disappears down the hallway and onto the dance floor.

CHARLEY
Mr. Vincent, this is Charley Brewster. You gotta help us. Jerry Dandrige has me and Amy trapped in this club --

CUT BACK TO:

97 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter moves to the window, the phone in his hand. He slowly pulls back the curtain, peering down at the street below.

PETER
I'm sorry, Charley. I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY (V.O.)
(increasingly desperate)
But you have to come, Mr. Vincent. You're the only one who knows what's going on.

PETER
You have to understand, Charley. Ed's one of them now. He just tried to kill me. If I try to go out he'll kill me for sure.

CUT BACK TO:

98 INT. CLUB RADIO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charley is screaming into the phone, almost in tears.

CHARLEY
If you don't, Dandrige'll kill <u>us</u>!

He's so into what he's saying on the phone, he doesn't even realize Amy's gone.

CUT BACK TO:

99 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PETER
(tortured)
I'm sorry, Charley, I just can't!

He hangs up the phone, flattening himself back against the wall, terrified.

CUT BACK TO:

100 INT. CLUB RADIO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charley slams the phone down, turning to Amy.

CHARLEY
God damn him. He won't help us --

Only Amy is gone, the hallway empty. Charley rushes toward the dance floor.

101 INT. CLUB RADIO - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Charley emerges from the hall, looking about in the crush of people for Amy. Nothing; it's as if she's disappeared into thin air. He plunges out into the crowd. *

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

In another part of the bar area Charley moves among the people, desperately searching for Amy. He passes the drunken teenagers, ignoring them as he suddenly bumps into a table, a man yelling up at him angrily. *

COKE USER
Hey, watch out, asshole!

Charley glances down to see the table of users grouped around their mirror of white powder. He moves quickly away, searching for Amy. He stops by the wall of poseurs cruising everything that walks by, asking a girl that looks from behind as though she must be Amy's age.

CHARLEY
Pardon me, have you seen a girl, light-haired --

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

The girl turns to him, revealing herself as a woman well into her mid-forties, decked out like a teenager, Sylvia Miles ten years ago, staring at him hungrily.

OLDER WOMAN
Forget her, take me instead --

She reaches out to kiss Charley and he flees the crowd of flesh watchers laughing at him as he goes.

He moves along a wall of LESBIANS, stopping one, his desperation growing.

CHARLEY
I'm looking for a girl --

LESBIAN
So am I.

Before Charley can recover a woman moves into her arms, Charley, shocked and disconcerted, backing away until he bumps to a halt against a heavy metal biker, the kind of guy who's into Twisted Sister. The parody of biker throws him to the floor for the insult, his friends, walking parodies of bikers, laughing at Charley as he leaps to his feet and backs away into the crowd.

He breaks free of the packed humanity, stopping on the stairs. It is at that moment that he catches a glimpse of Amy on the dance floor, dancing with Jerry. He hurries down the stairs and onto the floor.

On the dance floor, Amy moves with Jerry, their bodies locked together, slowly falling into his eyes, dancing slower and slower with him until finally she has no will left of her own. She is "in love" with him. It is at that moment that she bends her head forward, laying it on his shoulder, exposing her neck to him, her eyes staring at the wall as they revolve around and around, Jerry bending down to kiss her neck, his mouth slowly opening. It is at that moment Amy sees her reflection in the mirrors mounted against one wall; she is dancing alone. Shocked back to her senses, she goes rigid in Jerry's arms, trying to pull away from him, screaming as the music and the dancers stop.

AMY
Charley!

Across the dance floor, Charley hears her SCREAM and pushes his way through the sea of humanity, fighting his way to her side where she stands with Jerry, once again caught in his eyes, slowly losing her will. Charley grabs Jerry by the shoulder, trying to pull him away from Amy.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2A)

CHARLEY
Let her go!

Jerry looks down at him, smiling, mocking him as Amy sways in his arms, her eyes locked on his face.

JERRY
What's wrong, Charley? Jealous?

He grinds his pelvis against Amy, dry humping her in front of Charley. She throws her head back, her mouth opening in something close to ecstasy, her eyes glazed, staring up at him with adoration, giving herself to him as she cocks her head to one side, exposing her tender young throat.

Charley goes crazy.

CHARLEY
You filthy son-of-a-bitch -- !

He swings at him only to have Jerry release Amy, catching Charley's fist in the palm of his hand easily. He stares down at the boy, smiling cruelly.

JERRY
You shouldn't lose your temper, Charley. It isn't polite.

He tightens his grip, slowly squeezing Charley's fist. You can almost hear the knuckle bones grinding as Charley's face contorts in agony, driving him to his knees before Jerry. Charley looks up at him, tears of pain streaming down his face.

CHARLEY
(gasping with pain)
You can't kill me here --

JERRY
I don't want to kill you, Charley. I want you to bring Peter Vincent to my house, just the two of you. That is if you ever want to see Amy again.

He casually releases Charley, letting the boy drop to the floor as he disappears with Amy into the swirling mass of dancers. Charley leaps to his feet, ignoring the pain in his hand and plunges after them.

Charley breaks free of the swirl near the bar, looking everywhere and not seeing either of them. Suddenly he's grabbed by a strong pair of arms. He looks up to find himself staring into the face of a huge, black BOUNCER.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2B)

CHARLEY
(desperately)
Let me go --

The man ignores him, calling back over his shoulder.

BOUNCER
Hey, Donny, this the one?

Another huge bouncer, the one the cook talked to when Charley and Amy sneaked into the club, steps out of the whirl staring down at the boy.

DONNY
Yeah, it's him.
(to Charley)
Where's your girlfriend?

Charley suddenly sees Jerry and Amy breaking through the throng, heading for the entrance. He points to them wildly.

CHARLEY
That's her, over there with that older guy!

DONNY
C'mon --

He cuts across the floor on a diagonal to intercept Jerry and Amy, the black bouncer dragging Charley after him in a steel grip. Jerry finally reaches the throng near the front door, starting to move through it with Amy when suddenly the two bouncers and Charley block his way. Donny jerks Amy out of Jerry's hand, passing her to the black bouncer, nodding at her and Charley.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNY
Get the two of them out of here.

Jerry steps toward Amy, his face beginning to darken with rage, the MUSIC pulsating around them, people swirling by on all sides.

JERRY
She's mine --

Donny puts out his hand, stopping Jerry as the black bouncer drags Charley and Amy toward the front door.

DONNY
You want chicken, man, you go to some other club.

Jerry snarls, his eyes beginning to glow, his hair slicking back slightly, the hint of fangs beginning to protrude over his upper lip as rage overtakes him. He raises his right hand, holding it out in front of the bouncer's face so the man can clearly see what is happening. The nails on the four fingers pop out, literally elongating several inches in front of the man's eyes, growing into razor sharp claws that sparkle in the overhead lights.

The bouncer, terrified, screams for his companion.

DONNY
Hey, Leon, get back here!

Toward the entrance to the club, Leon releases Charley and Amy, hustling back toward his buddy. Charley grabs Amy, pulling her toward the door.

CHARLEY
C'mon, quick --

But it's too late already. Donny screams as the talons whistle through the air, tearing his throat out in one swipe, scattering blood everywhere, blinding several of the dancers swirling by, hitting people drinking at the bar, a couple necking in a corner, blood flying everywhere.

Jerry steps around the corpse as it topples backward over a table of coke users, the bouncer's dead eyes staring up at them. Leon dashes up, lunging for Jerry. The vampire's hand snaps out, grabbing him by the throat, squeezing, driving those claws deep into the man's neck, holding him like a chicken, enjoying a second of his death throes and then casually flinging him into the center of the floor, bringing the music and all the dancing to a shrieking halt as this new group of people stare at another dead body.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

Pandemonium erupts throughout the club, people screaming and rushing for the exit, the fear contagious, all of them streaming toward the bottleneck of a hallway leading to the front door, turning it into a battleground of panicked, terrified people, clawing and screaming to get out of the club.

Close to the front door, Charley and Amy fight their way through the madness, trying to gain the outside and freedom as behind them a wave of panicked humanity sweeps toward them.

CHARLEY
Hold on to me --

Suddenly Jerry steps out in front of them and sweeps Amy away from him, the crowd flowing around Charley and carrying him off in the opposite direction as he fights and screams to get back to her.

CHARLEY
Amy!

But the sea of humanity is too much for him; it pushes him first away from and then toward the front door, leaving him no choice but to go with it or be trampled.

102 EXT. CLUB RADIO - NIGHT *

Charley bursts through the entrance of the club just in time to see the black Jeep ROARING away down the street, Evil Ed peering out the back window, grinning wildly at him, mocking him with his full set of fangs.

CUT TO:

103 thru 121 OMITTED

122 INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter is hurriedly packing, shoving the bare necessities into his suitcase, preparing to abandon his mementos of a lifetime in his rush to get out of town while he's still alive.

There's a KNOCK at the door. He looks up, terrified.

PETER
Who is it?

CHARLEY (O.S.)
Charley Brewster. Let me in.

123 EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 123

The door cracks open an inch, a chain across the latch. Peter peers out at him.

PETER
Are you one of them, too?

CHARLEY
What are you talking about?

Peter thrusts his cross out through the crack.

PETER
Here, grab this.

Charley does as told. Peter peers at his hand. No smoke. He hurriedly slips the chain from the door and pulls the boy inside.

124 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter relatches the door and hurries back to his packing. Charley watches him.

CHARLEY
What are you doing?

PETER
Leaving.

CHARLEY
You can't.

PETER
Wanna bet? Watch me.

Peter closes the suitcase, hurrying for the door. Charley steps in front of him, blocking his path.

CHARLEY
Dandrige has Amy. He says he'll kill her unless we come to his house.

Peter stops, staring at Charley, stunned. The blood drains from his face.

PETER
Oh, my God.
(suddenly reaching for the phone)
The police, I'll call the police --

CHARLEY
(grabbing the phone away from him)
No, they won't believe you. I've tried.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

Peter collapses in a chair, staring blindly ahead.

CHARLEY
(quietly)
Peter, it's just us. We're going to have to save Amy.

PETER
I can't. I was paid to be there today.

CHARLEY
I know.

PETER
And you still want me to help you?

CHARLEY
Yes. You're Peter Vincent, the Great Vampire Killer.

PETER
(looking up at him, furious)
That's a character in a movie, Charley. That's not even my real name! *
(repressing a sob)
And I'm terrified, I'm sorry, but I am.

CHARLEY
I can't do it alone, Peter. If you don't help, Amy's going to die. And me, too, probably.
(nothing from Peter)
Please, Peter.

PETER
I'm sorry, Charley.

CHARLEY
(quietly, after a moment)
Yeah, me, too.

He walks to the door, slipping quietly out of the apartment, leaving Peter staring miserable at the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy slowly regains consciousness, opening her eyes to find herself laying on the floor, Jerry Dandrige looming over her. She cowers back, looking about the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

AMY
Where am I?

JERRY
Where you wanted to be. In my bedroom.

He reaches out a hand to her; she cowers back.

AMY
Liar. Where's Charley?

JERRY
You don't really care.

He hits play on the TAPE DECK. FUNK ROCK, hot and driving, snakes out of the speakers. He turns back to her, holding out his hand. She looks away, then glances up only to find herself trapped in his gaze.

He starts to weave his way across the floor toward her, every move a suggestion, an invitation, all of it somehow hypnotic. She stares at him, fighting to break free. Finally she manages to turn her head away, staring at the floor, screaming at him.

AMY
Liar! I love him...

It doesn't faze him; he just keeps moving to the beat, slowly, oh, so slowly, coming closer and closer to where she sits on the floor, his voice stroking her as he comes.

JERRY
Am I lying, Amy?

He stops above her, leaning down, his voice a husky, post-coital whisper.

JERRY *
Am I?

And she's gone, his eyes drawing her in and swallowing her up, drowning her in their faint red glow. He holds out his hand to her.

She slowly takes it and he raises her up into his arms, moving in place to the MUSIC with her, smiling down as she stares up at him blindly. He gently pushes her head down on his shoulder, exposing her tender young neck.

And then he slowly bends down, his mouth opening to expose those two, razor sharp fangs with their alabaster cast, slowly, delicately sliding them beneath her skin.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

Her body arches, both arms pressing him to her, her body clinging to his. And then she screams, bucking under him like she's having something like a sexual climax, only better, much better.

And just underneath her scream is this horrid, greedy, SUCKING NOISE, Jerry Dandrige, feeding.

CUT TO:

125A EXT. SIDE YARD OF A HOUSE - NIGHT *

Charley walks through the darkness, with cross and stake held in his hands, slowly approaching the Dandrige house through a side yard across the street. * * *

The shadows loom up over him, the wind causing the TREE BRANCHES to RUSTLE, Charley growing more and more nervous with every passing second. * * *

126 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Charley steps out of the darkness of the trees across the street from the Dandrige house, stopping to stare at it. The huge, silent, dark house no longer looks like every other house on the block.

It seems to have assumed a life of its own and turned into a hulking, brooding monster, about to leap forward and pounce on him.

Charley grips his stake and hammer, checks the cross stuck in his jacket pocket, takes a deep breath, squares his shoulders, and starts the slow walk toward the Dandrige house. Through the trees he moves, into the shadows and darkness, across the street, closer and closer to that hulking, evil house.

Suddenly a hand snaps out of the darkness, grabbing him by the shoulder.

CHARLEY
(terrified)
What?

PETER (O.S.)
Peter Vincent, ready to do battle with the undead.

Charley whirls to find himself staring into Peter Vincent's drawn face. He wears his Victorian suit, his whole demeanor that of his public persona, the vampire killer.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(gulping)
Peter, this is serious --

PETER
(pulling himself up to his full height)
I am serious.

He drops to his knees, pulling an assortment of his movie props out of his leather bag.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

PETER
Let's see, stakes, hammer, crosses, flashlight --

CHARLEY
What about Billy Cole? What's going to stop him?

Peter rises, holding up a pistol.

PETER
This. From Orgy of the Damned.

CHARLEY
What if he's not human? Bullets aren't going to stop him then.

PETER
He walks around during the day, doesn't he?
(Charley nods)
Then he's human.
(turning toward the house)
Let's go.

The two of them cross the street, heading toward the house which now seems to be staring at them, about to charge them. Charley glances at Peter.

CHARLEY
Peter --

PETER
(cutting him off)
Not now.

But Peter isn't really paying attention to Charley. His eyes are on that malevolent looking house, the house looming larger and larger above him as they get closer and closer.

Peter begins to slow, his nerve draining away as the true evilness of the place begins to eat at him. He finally comes to a halt, staring at the house. Charley stops, looking back.

CHARLEY
What's wrong?

PETER
(quickly)
Nothing, nothing at all.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

He joins Charley, the two of them slowly walking toward the house again, Peter becoming more and more nervous the closer they get. Charley takes a step for the front door. Peter grabs him.

PETER
Are you crazy? Not through the front door. Let's go around to the back and sneak in --

The front door slowly swings open on creaking hinges, seemingly of its own accord. Peter and Charley turn to look at it, a dark gaping hole like an open mouth, ready to swallow them.

CHARLEY
Too late.

He starts moving up the porch toward the door. Peter moves with him, his gaze fixed on that gaping mouth of an open doorway, mumbling to himself as he goes.

PETER
I'm Peter Vincent, the great vampire killer. I'm --

They disappear into the house, Jerry Dandrige suddenly stepping INTO FRAME, staring after them.

127 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Charley and Peter stop and stare around in the darkness. Nothing moves, not even a shadow. Charley nods up the stairs.

CHARLEY
This way.

They start up the stairway.

127A EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the house, the SUBJECTIVE CAMERA watches them, craning past the front windows onto the side of the house, watching Charley and Peter through the windows as they mount the stairs, the CAMERA SLOWLY heading up the side of the house.

127B INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry appears outside his bedroom window, floating there. He leans forward, opening the window, about to climb in.

127C INT. HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Peter suddenly grabs Charley, freezing as he hears that second story bedroom window opening. *

PETER
Did you just hear something?

CHARLEY
(pausing and listening)
No.

They start up the stairway. Peter grabs Charley again, digging his fingers into the boy's arms, listening hard. * *

PETER
Let's wait until dawn. He'll be in his coffin then. We'll have a better chance of getting Amy.

(CONTINUED)

127C CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
Amy'll be dead by then, too. Now come on --

He turns to start up the stairs only to have a voice come out of the darkness on the landing above.

JERRY (o.s.)
(he steps forward into the light, looking absolutely enormous)
Welcome to Fright Night. For Real.

Peter almost turns tail and runs right there. Charley grabs him, holding him in place on the staircase, staring up at the vampire looming above them.

CHARLEY
Where's Amy?

JERRY
(smiling)
Up here. All you have to do is get by me --

He starts down the steps. Peter whips out one of the crosses, thrusting it at the vampire.

PETER
(in his vampire killer voice)
Back, spawn of Satan.

JERRY
Oh, really?

He reaches out, takes the cross from Peter's hand and crumples it, contemptuously tossing it aside. He turns back to Peter.

JERRY
You have to have faith in order for it to work on me, Mr. Vincent.

He starts down the stairs again, Peter backing away, terrified, his nerve completely gone now. Charley steps forward, staring up at Dandrige defiantly. He whips out his cross, thrusting it at the vampire.

CHARLEY
Stop!

Jerry stops, staring at the cross. Charley starts up the stairs toward him, the cross held in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

127C CONTINUED: (2) *

CHARLEY
Back --

Jerry backs up the stairs, away from the cross, disappearing into the darkness at the top of the landing. Charley glances back at Peter triumphantly.

CHARLEY
We're gonna make it --

Billy Cole suddenly steps out of the darkness in front of him, rips the cross from the boy's hand and viciously backhands him across the face. With a scream, Charley smashes through the stairway railing, plunging to the hallway floor below. He lands with a solid thud, lying there, groaning.

Jerry steps in front of Billy, staring down at Peter on the stairway, smiling at him. Then he slowly starts down the stairs toward Peter. With a scream, the actor whirls, racing down the steps and out the front door.

128 INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - PORTICO - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Peter smashes through the front door, yelling up the stairway.

PETER
Mrs. Brewster!

No answer. He grabs the phone from the table and punches out a number, speaking hurriedly into it.

PETER
Hello, operator, get me the police. Operator?

No response, not even a dial tone. He holds the phone up only to see the cord has been ripped from the wall.

His eyes widen in horror, his gaze snapping back up the stairs.

PETER (Cont.)
Mrs. Brewster --

He plunges up the stairs.

129 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He bursts through the door to see Judy in bed, the back of her head to him, her blond hair lying across the pillow. He hurries across the room toward her, relief sweeping his features.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

PETER
Mrs. Brewster, thank God. All the phones have been ripped from the walls --

He reaches out, turning her over on the bed to face him... only it isn't Judy; it's Evil Ed, wearing one of her wigs.

EVIL ED
I know. I did it.

He grins up at Peter as he slowly rises, the wig slipping from his head, his features already transformed subtly into those of a vampire, the hair slicked back on his head, his face elongated, two huge white fangs slashing over his lower lip.

Peter staggers back, staring at him in horror.

PETER
Where's Charley's mother?

EVIL ED
She's working nights apparently. She left a note for Charley.
(holding out the crumpled note as he takes a step for Peter)
His dinner's in the oven.

With a scream, Peter whirls and plunges out of the room.

130 INT. HALL WAY - NIGHT

Peter races down the hallway only to hit a table in the dark, crashing to the floor on the landing, the table splintering beneath him. He sits up, groaning, holding his leg.

He suddenly hears a GROWLING, low and deep and vicious, coming from the other end of the hallway. He looks up, staring into the darkness.

Suddenly, a HUGE WOLF, as ugly as Evil Ed, tears out of the master bedroom, skidding to a halt, staring back at Peter. It's eyes glow like red hot coals in the dark, saliva dripping from its huge fangs.

Peter scrambles to his feet, about to plunge down the stairs when with a terrible SNARL, the huge animal bounds down the hall toward him.

With a scream, Peter picks up a splintered leg of the table just as the wolf launches itself into the air toward his jugular vein.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

He slams the jagged piece of wood into the animal's chest as it flies past, its snapping jaws missing his throat by an inch, the wolf hits the landing railing and plows through it, almost in slow motion, plunging over the side.

131 INT. PORTICO - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The wolf tumbles through the air in a blur of fur and fangs, down and down until suddenly Evil Ed smashes into the hardwood floor below with a terrible THUD. He lays there, the long wooden splinter buried in his heart.

Peter hurries down the stairs, stopping above him and staring down, watching in fascinated horror as humanity leaks back into his eyes, his face transforming into that of a normal teenage boy as he dies.

He looks up at Peter with suddenly soft, brown eyes.

EVIL ED
I'm sorry --

He dies, Peter staring down at him, sorrow struck by the waste and horridness of it all.

132 INT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry comes through the door with Charley over his shoulder and dumps him on the floor a few feet from where Amy lies, curled up in a fetal ball.

He nods at Amy as Charley slowly opens his eyes, regaining his senses.

JERRY
You wanted her, there she is.

Charley glances to his side, sees Amy lying there, and crawls to her. He gently turns her toward him.

CHARLEY
Amy --

His words die on his lips. Amy's eyes are clenched shut, her face drenched with sweat, her entire body trembling. Jerry watches his horrified reaction, smiling.

JERRY
You see, you gave me so much trouble, I thought you deserved a special punishment.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(staring up at him wildly)
What have you done to her?

JERRY
Nothing much. I just bit her a little bit, that's all.

Jerry just stares at him silently, leaving no room for the boy to disbelieve him. Charley suddenly leaps for him, furious with rage.

CHARLEY
You bastard!

Jerry casually knocks him aside, flinging him through the air against the far wall with his incredible strength. Charley crumples to the floor, stunned. Jerry walks over to him and drops a wooden stake at his feet.

JERRY
Here.
(Charley stares at it dumbly)
You're going to need it just before dawn.

With a bow he lets himself out of the room, closing the door behind him. The key can be heard turning in the lock. Charley stares around for a moment, gathering his senses. He sees the window has been boarded up with plank after plank and nail after nail. It would be impossible for him to rip it apart, just as it would be impossible for anyone to hear him through it were he to scream.

He crawls to Amy, gently turning her over only to see that she has already begun to change, her upper lip slipping back as he stares at her, revealing lengthening bicuspids, the beginnings of fangs. Her eyes are black, like bottomless pits. He raises his head and screams, his voice filled with anguish and despair.

CHARLEY
No!

133 EXT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Dandrige pauses halfway down the stairs, listening to the agony in Charley's voice as the scream dies away. He smiles, then continues to walk down the stairs.

134 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter faces the brooding, terrible house, his stake and hammer in either hand, his face set hard with determination. Throwing his shoulders back, he begins to walk slowly toward the front door.

135 INT. PORTICO - HALL - STAIRS - NIGHT

He slips through the front door, pausing to look down the hall. The basement door is open, the sounds of Jerry and Billy working down there faintly heard. He hurries up the stairs.

136 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

He works his way from door to door till he finds the locked one. He raps on it lightly, whispering through a crack in the frame.

PETER
Charley.

137 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley hears the whisper and springs to his feet, hurrying to the door.

CHARLEY
(in a whisper)
Peter?

PETER (o.s.)
I'm going to have to break the door down. Make as much noise as you can.

Charley turns to the wall, beating on it and yelling for all he's worth.

CHARLEY
Help, let me out!

138 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jerry and Billy are preparing a spare coffin for Amy, dumping dirt into it from the bottom of the huge, ornate coffin Charley saw them carrying into the house on that first night so long ago. They pause in their work as they hear Charley's SCREAM DYING AWAY. Jerry smiles at Billy.

JERRY
I think she just opened her eyes.

139 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Peter hits the door from the outside, snapping the lock, letting himself in and closing it as quietly as he can behind them. He looks around, spotting Amy lying in the corner.

PETER
Quick, grab her and let's get out of here -

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
We can't. Look.

He falls to his knees beside Amy and rolls her over for Peter to see. She is still covered with sweat and trembling even more violently now. Her upper lip slips back revealing lengthening fangs, just the beginning of red in the iris. Peter's eyes widen in horror. * *

140 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jerry pauses in his labor to stare up at the ceiling in the direction of the bedroom two floors above, his ear cocked. Billy looks at him.

BILLY
Something wrong?

JERRY
Yes. We have a visitor.

He puts down his shovel, heading for the stairs, Billy following him.

141 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley glances up from Amy's trembling body to look at Peter.

CHARLEY
Is it too late to save her?

PETER
Not if we kill Dandrige before dawn.

141A EXT. SIDE OF DANDRIGE HOUSE - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA CRANES UP off a basement window, up the side of the house past the living room window and up and up, the VOICES in Jerry's bedroom getting LOUDER and LOUDER as Jerry approaches.

CHARLEY
Are you sure?

PETER
So far everything's just like in the movies. We'll just have to keep on hoping.

And the CAMERA STOPS outside the bedroom window, watching as Charley grabs the stake Dandrige dropped on the floor, and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

141A CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
Let's go --

He and Peter hurry out the door, the CAMERA WATCHING them go.

142 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

They come out of the bedroom and start down the steps only to find themselves facing Billy Cole coming up the other way. They freeze as Billy stops, a slow smile sliding across his grim features.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

BILLY
Well, what do we have here?

He starts up the steps. Peter pulls a pistol, one of the props from his apartment, from his pocket.

PETER
Stop or I'll shoot.

Billy stops, still smiling at him, their eyes locked for what seems like an eternity. Then Billy starts up the stairs toward him again. Peter points the gun at Billy with trembling hands.

PETER
I mean it. Don't force me to shoot --

Billy reaches out his huge hands for Peter's throat. Peter FIRES, the bullet punching a neat hole through Billy's forehead. The large man freezes, his eyes rolling back in his skull.

He stands there for a moment and then tumbles backward down the stairs, landing with a CRASH at the bottom.

Suddenly there is the SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on the balcony above. Peter and Charley whirl, staring up at the landing above them. A second later Jerry Dandrige steps out of the shadows. *

With a smile he starts down the stairs toward them. Charley steps forward, thrusting his cross up at Dandrige.

CHARLEY
Stop!

Dandrige freezes, his face darkening with fury. Charley starts up the steps, Peter close behind him.

CHARLEY *
Come on, we have him --

Dandrige's gaze snaps past Charley's shoulder, down into the shadows at the bottom of the stairs where Billy's body lies, his eyes glowing as they burn into the corpse for a moment before shifting back to Charley and Peter.

He smiles at the boy.

JERRY
Do you?

He steps back into Amy's room, disappearing from sight. Peter looks at Charley.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLEY
What did he mean?

PETER
Nothing. He's just bluffing.

Charley continues up the stairs slowly, the cross held out in front of him, Peter hugging his back. Behind them, down at the foot of the stairs, Billy slowly sits up. Peter and Charley continue climbing, their gazes fixed ahead. Behind them Billy stands and starts to walk up the stairs toward them, the first STEP he hits GROANING under his heavy weight.

Charley and Peter freeze, turning to look back. They see the huge man coming up the stairs toward them, a thin trail of blood leaking from the bullet hole in his forehead.

Peter whips his pistol out with trembling hands and UNLOADS THE ENTIRE REVOLVER into the man, casting a pale of gunsmoke in front of him and Charley, obscuring their view of the stairway below.

Suddenly Billy Cole appears through the thick cloud, backing them up the stairs. Peter stumbles, falling backward, unable to rise in time. Billy leans down, grabbing him and jerking him into the air like a ragdoll, about to fling him over the ballustrade to the floor far below.

Charley suddenly leaps forward, slamming his stake into the creature's heart.

CHARLEY
No!

Billy Cole freezes, his eyes widening. He drops Peter crashing to the steps and staggers back, grabbing the rail for support, hanging there below Peter and Charley for what seems an eternity, the stake protruding from his heart.

As the two watch in horror, Cole's face slowly begins to dissolve, skin putrefying and slipping away, revealing the grinning skull beneath, the process of dissolution accelerating as the seconds tick past.

Suddenly the legs turn to bone and what remains of the body, no more than a skeleton in clothes now, tumbles backward down the stairs with a clatter, to land with a crash on the floor below, bones rolling in every direction across the portico. They stare down the stairs at his remains.

CHARLEY
(in a hoarse whisper)
He wasn't human.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (3)

PETER
No, he certainly wasn't.

Peter scrambles to his feet, he and Charley backing hurriedly up the stairs, terrified by what they've seen.

143 INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

They rush into Amy's room, Peter stopping to stare at the open window, left that way by Dandrige when he entered and left. Charley ignores it, hurrying to Amy, and kneeling by her side. He gently turns her over to expose lengthening bicuspids as Peter sticks his head out the window. Her irises are now more red than before, signaling the transition she is making from the living to the walking dead. *

143A EXT. JERRY'S WINDOW - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter glances down, searching for Jerry as above him, clinging flat to the wall like a fly, is Jerry. The vampire smiles, slowly drawing back his clawed hand to tear Peter's throat out when the man cranes his neck to look over his shoulder. He is just about to when Charley calls to him from the room within.

CHARLEY
Peter!

Peter ducks in just as Jerry's about to strike.

143B INT. JERRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charley looks up from Amy's unconscious body at Peter.

CHARLEY
She's worse. C'mon, we're running out of time --

The two men rush out of the room.

143C EXT. JERRY'S WINDOW - SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA does a 180 degree turn, staring in through the window out the open door onto the balcony. Jerry sees Peter and Charley standing out there, hears their voices.

CHARLEY
Where is he?

The CAMERA BEGINS TO DRIFT up the side of the house toward the attic window above.

144 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Charley and Peter there, staring about. Suddenly they hear FOOTSTEPS on the floor above. They stare up at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

PETER
He's in the attic.

They rush to the attic door, the two men disappearing up the dark stairs.

145 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

They come up the staircase to find themselves enclosed in darkness. Peter pulls out a flashlight and flicks it on, shining it about the musty, filthy room. He pauses as rats scatter beneath the unexpected blaze.

He continues to search with the flashlight, picking out the remains of a ruined window at the far end, the glass shattered, the window itself flung wide open.

CHARLEY
Well, he was here --

The beam moves on, only to suddenly stop on a large chest shoved in a corner.

PETER
There, his coffin.

Both of them approach, staring down at the long chest. Peter hands the flashlight to Charley, pulling a stake from his pocket, a hammer from his belt. He raises the stake in the air, the hammer ready. He nods at the coffin.

PETER
Open it.

Charley throws his shoulder against the lid, heaving. The lid opens with a GROAN, Peter about to stab down only to find it empty.

CHARLEY
(almost in despair)
God damn him. Where is he?

145A EXT. ATTIC WINDOW - SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA STARES in at them, then SLOWLY BEGINS TO DRIFT up the side of the house toward the roof above.

145B EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The CAMERA GOES UP onto the roof and down around the chimney to discover Jerry sitting there as though he's just alighted.

145C INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Charley and Peter stare up at the beams overhead as dust trickles down, the THUD of Jerry landing above them on the roof still loud in their ears.

PETER
Well, now we know where he is.

CHARLEY
Yeah, but what's he doing up there?

146 EXT. DANDRIGE HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Jerry sits on the roof, squatting there like some huge nocturnal bird of prey, his eyes closed, his lips moving in a whisper.

147 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy lies on the floor, hardly moving now. Suddenly she groans and rolls over, throwing a hand over her face as though trying to ward off some particularly terrible nightmare.

148 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Dandrige's face darkens even more in concentration.

JERRY
Amy, awake, I command you to awake!

149 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy's eyes slowly open. There's not a vestige of human life in them. She blinks and her eyes go completely red, * glowing in the dark. *

Dandrige's voice fills her mind like distant thunder.

JERRY'S VOICE
Now show me how much you love me,
Amy, kill them both!

She rises and moves like a zombie messenger of death toward the door to the hallway and the attic above.

149A INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Charley and Peter are still staring up at the attic ceiling above, the waiting becoming unendurable for Charley.

CHARLEY
I'm going up there.

He heads for the open window at the far end of the attic nearest the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

149A CONTINUED:

PETER
Charley --

He takes a step after the boy, but he's too late. Charley is already out the window.

149B EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Charley climbs onto the roof, a cross in his hand, a stake in the other. The roof looks deserted, but hidden behind the chimney stands Jerry, waiting for the boy. Unaware of the danger, Charley reaches the chimney and stealthily begins to circle it, sensing danger, the cross and stake in hand. He suddenly reaches the side where last we saw Jerry only to find no one there. He stands there puzzled, looking about.

PETER (O.S.)
(calling up from the attic below)
Do you see him?

CHARLEY
(shouting back)
No.

150 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Peter stands alone at the far end next to the coffin, nervously talking to himself.

PETER
Where the hell is he?

And in the window directly behind his back, Jerry rises up out of the dark, no more than a few feet away, only a thin pane of glass separating Peter from his clawed hand. He raises it to strike through the glass at Peter just as Charley slides in the open window at the far end from the roof and sees Jerry in the window behind Peter. He screams out.

CHARLEY
Peter, behind you!

Peter whirls, holding up his cross and as quickly as he appeared from the night, Jerry slips back into it, leaving Peter staring at the window, terrified at the close call as Charley reaches his side.

CHARLEY
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

Peter nods numbly as a huge shadow rises up along the staircase wall at the far end of the attic behind them, a shadow that suggests Jerry is coming up the stairs from the floor below toward them.

A STAIR CREAKS behind them and Charley and Peter whirl to see Amy step out of the stairwell. She looks incredibly beautiful as though somehow her moment with Dandrige has transformed her from virginal girl to a full grown woman, dripping with sensuality. Charley steps forward, about to rush into her arms.

CHARLEY
Amy --

PETER
(grabbing him)
No!

Charley looks at Amy as she clears the steps and turns toward them. Peter shines his flashlight into her face. The eyes glow red, the face lifeless, fangs, larger now than * before, protruding from her upper lip.

CHARLEY
Oh, my God --

Suddenly they hear Dandrige cruelly laughing at them from the floor below, laughing like this is the best joke he's ever heard.

CHARLEY
He's downstairs now --

Amy suddenly launches herself at Charley, seizing him by the throat and throwing him to the floor, landing on top of him. He grabs her by the shoulders, holding her back as she tries to plunge her fangs into his neck. Peter steps up behind her, a stake raised in his hands, about to plunge it into her back.

Charley screams up at him.

CHARLEY
No!

Peter shifts his grip on the stake, holding it like a club, and brings it slamming down on her back. She collapses unconscious on top of Charley. He shoves her off, climbing to his feet, and turning toward the staircase to the floor below.

CHARLEY
Come on --

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

The two men plunge down the stairs. A second later, Amy rolls over, her eyes snapping open, perfectly conscious again. She slowly rises.

151 INT. SECOND-FLOOR LANDING - PORTICO - STAIRS - NIGHT

The two men come out of the stairway, Peter turning back to lock the attic door behind him. Charley starts for Jerry's room. Peter grabs him.

PETER
You take downstairs, I'll take up here --

Charley plunges down the stairs to the portico below as Peter disappears into the bedroom, searching for Dandrige.

151A EXT. HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA WATCHES as Charley heads down the stairs, Peter turning for Jerry's room, the CAMERA CRANING OFF the window and DOWN around the side of the house, PICKING UP Charley up through the front windows as the boy disappears down the first floor hall in search of Jerry, Jerry watching him the entire time from outside the front of the house.

151B INT. HOUSE - PORTICO - NIGHT

The front door slowly begins to open, that strange killing hand of Jerry holding the doorknob, all that's seen of him as he obviously prepares to slip inside.

151C INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter freezes as he hears the front DOOR CREAK and turns, racing out the bedroom door onto the balcony.

151D INT. SECOND-FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

Peter comes to a halt at the top of the stairs, peering down at the portico below. No Charley. He calls out, panic struck.

PETER
Charley!

Charley comes running down the hall, stopping at the bottom of the stairs, staring up at Peter.

CHARLEY
What is it?

PETER
(sighing in relief)
I thought I heard something.

151E EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA STARES in at them, then starts to move across the porch and up the side of the house as Charley speaks to Peter.

CHARLEY
What?

The CAMERA PASSES Jerry's bedroom window, catching a glimpse of Peter on the balcony just as he replies to Charley.

PETER
I don't know. Just my nerves, I guess.

151F INT. HOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

Behind Peter there is suddenly a POUNDING at the attic door. It's Amy, trying to get out. Peter stares worriedly at the attic door as the POUNDING from within becomes more VIOLENT.

Suddenly ALL THE CLOCKS on the wall below GO OFF, signaling * that it's 6 a.m., dawn, time for Jerry to go to bed. *

Peter takes his eyes off the clocks as the LAST CHIME DIES, * looking at Charley over the Balustrade. *

PETER
Keep searching for him. He's got to be close. It's almost dawn.

Charley heads back down the hallway toward the basement as above on the landing, Peter stares around, about to try another door when suddenly the huge stained glass window directly behind and above him bursts apart in an EXPLOSION OF SHATTERING GLASS and Jerry Dandrige plunges in from the outside, landing in a crouch before Peter.

He rises as the older man backs away.

Charley rushes down the hall back into the portico, brought by the sound of the crash. He's about to start up the stairs when Dandrige turns and stares down at him.

Charley ignores him, starting up the stairs. Peter speaks to him, never taking his gaze from Dandrige.

PETER
Stay there, Charley --

Charley freezes, staring up at the vampire and the man above, watching, waiting. Dandrige's gaze bores into Peter.

JERRY
So. Just the two of us at last.

(CONTINUED)

151F CONTINUED:

He takes a step for Peter. Peter whips out a cross, thrusting it at him. Dandrige stops, smiling at him.

He starts for him again, Peter holding his ground, the cross thrust out in front of him.

PETER
Back!

JERRY
(smiling thinly)
You have to have faith for that to work, Mr. Vincent. Remember?

Peter continues to hold his ground, the cross held up higher, staring defiantly back at Dandrige, refusing to drop his gaze. And then it happens: the vampire jerks to a halt, staring with slowly dawning fury at Peter, realizing by whatever invisible force it is emanating from that cross that indeed Peter has recovered his faith. He stands there, stymied, snarling at the man.

Peter peers over his shoulder, out the ruined window. On the horizon, the first pink tendrils of dawn are breaking. Now it's Peter's turn to smile as he shifts his gaze back to Dandrige.

PETER
Look over your shoulder.

Dandrige cranes his neck to see the rising dawn through the open window, the sun beginning to glint its golden rays even as he stares at it. He turns back to Peter, roaring with fury.

JERRY
No!

Peter picks up his stake and dives for the vampire, but * Dandrige is too quick for him.

He throws himself off the landing, tucking his body into a * somersault as he hurls through the air toward the portico floor below, turning into a whirling ball of spinning flesh only to suddenly emerge from it no longer a man, but now an enormous bat.

The bat straightens in midair above the portico and zooms down the hallway, smashing into Charley chest high, blowing him off his feet as his claws rake the boy, sending two bloody furrows down his chest as the bat whips past him and disappears down the hallway into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

151F CONTINUED: (2)

Peter recovers above, hurrying down the stairs to the portico below. He rushes to Charley's side, helping the badly shaken boy to his feet.

PETER
Are you all right?

CHARLEY
Yes.

Amy begins POUNDING AT THE ATTIC DOOR above again. The two men look up as it begins to splinter.

PETER
Quick, he's in the basement.

He helps the boy down the hall, the two of them disappearing through the basement door. A second later the attic DOOR above RIPS FROM ITS HINGES, CRASHING to the floor. Amy steps out of the attic, her eyes sightless, a stake grasped in her hand. She walks like an automaton down the stairway toward the portico below.

152 INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Charley and Peter hurry down the stairs into the dark room, its windows covered with blackout drapes. The floor is a mass of antiques, row after row of them, many covered with dust cloths. Peter dives for the first one, ripping the cloth off only to discover an armoire. He rushes to the next one.

PETER
Quick, his coffin has to be here somewhere --

They race down the aisle continuing to rip dust covers away only to discover a line of mirrors, several of them obviously removed from pieces in the house above. They stop, staring at them.

CHARLEY
Well, now we know what he did with the mirrors --

The DOOR to the stairway CREAKS open behind them, lost somewhere in the dark. Peter whirls, looking back the way they just came.

PETER
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

CHARLEY
(moving away)
You keep searching. I'll check it out.

PETER
Charley --

But Charley has disappeared into the darkness before Peter can stop him.

Charley appears down the row of antiques, stopping at the foot of the stairs and staring up at the basement door above. It is partially open, allowing just a sliver of light into the darkness. He calls out, clutching his stake nervously.

CHARLEY
Who's there --

Amy appears out of the darkness behind him, slowly approaching, her face deathly white, her lips blood red, her eyes almost glowing in the dark. He hears her at the last second, whirling to face her with a gasp. She reads the fear on his face and smiles sadly, reaching out a hand to him.

AMY
Don't be frightened, Charley.

She takes a step closer and he steps away. Amy stops, staring at him; then she slowly begins to advance on him, unbuttoning her blouse, her voice a husky, purring whisper.

AMY
Charley, I love you --
(he backs away; she keeps coming closer, exposing more and more of her body)
What's wrong, Charley, don't you want me anymore?

He suddenly breaks her spell, coming to his senses and whipping out his cross, thrusting it in her face. She whirls away with a snarl, burying her face in her hands, softly beginning to weep.

AMY
It's not my fault, Charley. You promised you wouldn't let him get me, you promised.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

He stares at her, guilt boiling up inside of him. He steps forward, touching her shoulder, letting the cross drop to his side.

CHARLEY
Amy --

She whirls, huge fangs flashing, dripping hungry saliva, and dives for his exposed throat. He whips the cross up, but not in time, her forearm smashing into his wrist, sending the cross whirling away into the darkness. Amy straightens, smiling at him, the huge fangs sparkling in the light from the open doorway above.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

She begins to walk toward him, her sexual interest in Charley gone, replaced by mad, driving hunger.

At the other end of the room, Peter desperately weaves his way among the pieces of furniture dotting the floor, looking for the coffin. He stops before a huge armoir, whips it down to discover it empty, and is about to move on when he glances down. There, at the corner of the armoir, is a small hole with rats scurrying in and out. Realizing something must be behind the huge piece of furniture, he shoves it aside, toppling it CRASHING to the floor.

A hidden alcove, more a dais than anything else, is revealed, a huge window at the back covered with a blackout curtain, and Jerry's ornate brassbound coffin sitting in the middle, covered with CHATTERING, crawling RATS.

Peter stares at it, horrified, calling out into the darkness behind him.

PETER
Charley, I found it --

Back at the other end of the room, Charley is backing away from Amy as she slowly stalks him, the stake she picked up in the attic in her hands. Charley yells back at Peter.

CHARLEY
Get it open!

She suddenly leaps for him, stabbing with the stake only to miss him by inches, sending it plunging through the back of a chair with her growing strength, shattering it against the stone wall behind the chair. She turns on Charley, empty-handed now, continuing to stalk him.

Before the dais, Peter stifles his revulsion of the rats and leaps forward, rushing to the side of the coffin and fumbling with the clasps only to discover they're locked. he cries out again.

PETER
He's locked it somehow from the inside.

He grabs a hammer from his pocket and starts pounding at the clasps, trying to free them while at the side of the room Charley continues to back away from Amy, calling back.

CHARLEY
Hurry --

He goes to dodge Amy when she leaps forward, shoving a bureau across his path, blocking his escape. She smiles at him, continuing to back him into a corner.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3)

Back at the coffin, the clasp finally comes loose beneath Peter's pounding and he moves to the next one, smashing at it with the hammer desperately. Back at the side of the room, Charley dodges Amy, leaping over a pile of refuse in his desperation to escape, the girl vampire diving after him, her fingers clawing into his back and shredding his shirt as he twists out of her grasp.

Back at the dais, Peter breaks the last clasp, throws the coffin lid open, sees Jerry resting beneath him, the king vampire's eyes closed.

He fumbles a spare stake from his belt, pressing it to the creature's heart, about to slam it home with the hammer when suddenly behind him Charley crashes INTO VIEW on the floor, Amy fixed to his back, rising over his, struggling to sink her fangs in his neck. Peter whirls at the NOISE, momentarily distracted.

In the coffin, Jerry's eyes snap open, fixing on Peter. With a snarl he sits right up in the coffin behind Peter, the man turning back only to find himself face to face with the enraged vampire. Jerry opens his mouth, about to kill him when Peter slams it home, missing his heart and impaling his shoulder. *

The old actor falls back as the vampire rises out of his coffin, the stake protruding from his shoulder, Amy stopping in her struggle to kill Charley, both she and the boy staring up at the huge vampire looming over all three.

With superhuman deliberation, Dandrige pulls the stake from his chest and hurls it away. It smashes into a far wall, splintering a window, sending a thin ray of light into the room. Dandrige turns on Peter, his face convulsed with hatred. He leaps for him, smashing him into a wall, about to sink his fangs into Peter's neck as Charley watches. * * * * * * *

CHARLEY
(screaming)
No!

He desperately leaps around Amy, reaching for the blackout curtain covering the window at the back of the dais. She jumps after him, grabbing him just as his fingers close around the curtain. She pulls him to the floor, her mouth open, about to sink her fangs in him as the drape comes with him, tearing from the window and sending a huge bolt of sunlight streaming into the dank room.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (4)

It hits Jerry Dandrige squarely in the back, whirling him away from Peter, picking him up and throwing him across the room, slamming him into the far wall, pinning him there several feet above the floor.

He writhes in the golden beam, twisting this way and that, but unable to escape as his body slowly begins to smoulder, a million small fires breaking out all over him as begins to burn.

JERRY
Noooooo --- !

As Peter and Charley watch unable to tear their eyes away, the vampire's body suddenly EXPLODES in a whooshing ball of flame that incinerates him instantly, leaving nothing behind but the ECHOING SCREAM of a soul finally going to hell.

Amy rolls off of Charley moaning. He turns to her.

CHARLEY
Amy --

She slowly opens her eyes, the girl he knew staring back at him, her fangs gone. She throws herself in his arms, weeping softly. He holds her close, staring across the room at Peter who sits beside the coffin, wiping Dandrige's blood from his face and mouth with his handkerchief, nothing but silence in the room now, the sun shining merrily through the window, only a few wisps of charcoal floating lazily through the air to remind any of them what just happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

153 EXT. DANDRIGE AND BREWSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Dandrige house is dark, a "For Sale" sign prominently displayed on the front lawn. The house itself now seems innocuous and ordinary, free forever of the evil that once dwelt within. The Brewster house next door is lit and gay, much as it was on the first night we saw it. The TV can be heard coming from the house.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
And now, Fright Night, starring Peter Vincent.

154 INT. CHARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charley and Amy lay on his bed, making out like crazy, the TV tuned in to Fright Night just as it was the first evening we met them. They break for a moment as Peter Vincent comes up on the screen. *

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

PETER (V.O.)
This is Peter Vincent, once more back with you as host of Fright Night. I thought I'd let the vampires rest for a little while.
(winking into camera)
Right, Charley?
(back into his host role)
Tonight the threat comes not from beyond the grave, but from beyond the stars as alien beings stalk an unwary summer camp in "MARS WANTS FLESH."
(pause)
I do not star in it.

Amy turns back to Charley, the two of them staring at each other, obviously deeply in love. Then she slowly begins to undress. Smiling he rises, inadvertently turning to his window as he takes his shirt off, much as he did the first night. He freezes.

There in Jerry's window, looking back at him, are a pair of red glowing eyes. Charley blinks. He looks at the window again. The eyes are gone...

Behind him, Amy looks at him questioningly.

AMY
Charley, is something wrong?

With a quizzical shake of his head, Charley slams the window shut and turns to her.

CHARLEY
No, nothing.

He jumps into bed with her, the two of them beginning to make love as the CAMERA PANS off them to the window, pushing out through the window closing in on Jerry's window across the way. A pair of red eyes stand there in the darkness, staring and staring as the CAMERA MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER. They blink; they're for real; there is another vampire out there and he is watching Charley.

FADE OUT.

THE END